TEN CENTS A COPY

Francis and Grigory, by Aldous Huxley, on page 290

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A History of Culture

A HISTORY of civilization will never be got into print alone for it would lose much of its reality when forced into two-dimension symbols. A history of culture fares better. Indeed, one of the best histories of modern culture might be had by comparing and contrasting the successive editions of a great encyclopedia, such as the Britannica, and studying the nature and the content of its articles from the first edition in the eighteenth century down to the fourteenth edition, which is just off the press. Only the greatest libraries would have shelf room for the volumes required for such a tireless investigation; nevertheless, even a comparison by memory with the fat volume one used to consult in one's youth, or the slim green books of the eleventh edition, is instructive.

It is not merely scope that distinguishes the last and just published edition, although that is startling. The generous, but still very British, world of the nineteenth century Britannica has burst its bounds both east and westward, until the new volumes seem more like dictionaries than encyclopedias. This was to be expected, nor is it surprising to find the practical nature of the post-war twentieth century reflected in these books. To one who remembers the lengthy essays, classic in English and in content, which were the staple of nineteenth century issues, the fourteenth edition brings a realizing sense of a new world, new air, new minds. Concise, compact, factual, utilitarian, these new volumes belong, it is clear, to the soap manufacturer or department store executive as much as to the scholar and the old-fashioned "man of culture." There is not only a vast amount of knowledge to be recorded in 1929, there are, one feels immediately, a vast number of people able and willing to use it. In its frank simplification of difficult matters, in its inclusiveness of the useful petty with the dignified great, in its clear intent to be serviceable to everybody, this encyclopedia is like a people's university in a modern democracy.

Two subjects, on a first casual impression, seem to have gained immensely in meaning for the English-reading peoples since earlier editions—applied science and art. Science naturally, one might say, yet the reader will scarcely be prepared for the overwhelming advance in applied science which even the pictures (and the photographs are especially admirable) are sufficient to record. As for art, the number of words, of photographs, and of plates devoted to it, must double the space of earlier editions; and now the Orient, at last (as also in history) gets its full due. If we have become scientific, practical in our interests, it is not apparently at the expense of esthetics. Indeed the search for facts which science initiates is responsible for studies in technique and origins far exceeding in breadth and thoroughness anything appearing in an English encyclopedia before.

Statistics would be interesting here and elsewhere. One would like to know how much the space given to psychology has increased, whether theology has less or more, whether the proportion of American literature and other aspects of strictly American culture has changed in its relation to, say, France or Germany. And beyond statistics are other questions of great interest. Are the Americans and British who write parallel articles or divide a subject between them, distinguishable by any racial or national characteristic in their prose style, in their political and social outlooks, in their habits of mind? This last has nothing to do with the purpose of the encyclopædia, yet one cannot but hope that some curious critic will use these volumes for a searching study of the effect of race and nationality upon mind and style.

One result of sensational importance is sure to follow, though with measured pace, upon the publication of this new edition. Historians (and, since the war, all of us) know how opinions and reputations are made by what happens to be put into print—and remains in accessible print. If Plutarch had left out Antony and Cleopatra what an immense difference in their fame! If the Book of Ruth had been placed among the Apocrypha what a marked though subtle difference in our opinion of Israelitish sentiment. And now we are told in the

(*Continued on page* 287)

The Mind's a Wood

By LEONARD BACON

THE mind's a wood where tawny tigers move,
On timid things that hesitate or flee.
There orchids burn and many a tropic tree.
And there strange streams fantastic gorges groove.
Go Slow! Watch out, for it may yet behoove
The valiant to withdraw. For one may see
Misfortune, error, and fatality
Beyond such courage as we dare to prove.

I saw a cobra on a hot stone, sunning
His muscular coils. I saw the scorpion's brood
More venomous because of solitude.
I saw the leopard by the salt-lick, waiting.
Above him, a cloud of color blazing and stunning,
Butterfly-wings pulsed in aerial mating.

This Week

"La Fayette."
Reviewed by BERNARD FÄY.

"Then I Saw the Congo."
Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT.

"The Holy Cities of Arabia."
Reviewed by EDWARD THOMPSON.

"The Man Within."
Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER.

"The Beautiful Years."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Old Familiar Faces."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

John Mistletoe.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Kow Tow."
Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH.

Next Week, or Later

Iron Civilization.
By BENTON MACKAYE.

A Lucky Man*

By BERNARD FAY

THE Marquis de La Fayette was always a lucky man; he had all the women for him, including his wife, and God, for whom he did not care much, was constantly kind to him. His first and only important act in life was to bet on the United States; a good bet indeed. Since 1776 he has been one of the popular heroes of the New World and the only one never to be reviled there. Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, John Adams, Jackson, Roosevelt, Wilson, had enemies and detractors in America, La Fayette had none. And now, supreme luck, one of the most popular and distinguished Americans of today writes a big work in two volumes on him.

Brand Whitlock on La Fayette, what a good idea! It sounds marvellous, and it is indeed: a popular man on a popular man, a brilliant man on a brilliant man, a liberal on a liberal! And the publishers have been careful to make the book good looking, well printed, well illustrated, and most pleasant to handle.

I read it with eagerness and joy. The story is beautifully told, and not a single good story is missed. The affection of America for La Fayette radiates out from its pages; the personality of the hero shines in all its glory, and the personality of the writer impresses deeply the reader. The atmosphere of the whole book is healthy, full of life, full of color.

It nearly convinced me. But it did not quite. The book has more literary qualities than historical ones. Mr. Brand Whitlock has read many volumes, and seen many people, but he has not been able to discover any new document, or any new fact, although there are still a good many of them to be discovered about La Fayette's picturesque and long career. From that point of view this new biography of La Fayette is disappointing; it is not new. Moreover it is full of mistakes, the publisher being responsible for some of them, and the author for a great number of them. One half of the French names are misspelled. Vergennes is called "Charles Brenier de Vergennss," when his real name, easy to find in the Encyclopædia Britannica, is "Charles Gravier de Vergennes." Mr. Whitlock speaks of him as a man "of lowly birth," whereas he came from a very old and distinguished family of Burgundy. Mr. Whitlock mentions time and again the home of Deane at Passy in 1776, although Deane lived then in Paris, and moved to Passy only in the spring of 1777, to join Franklin who had settled there. A list of all the mistakes of Mr. Whitlock would be long, and useless after all; it suffices to put the reader on his guard.

As a matter of fact none of these mistakes is very serious, or touches the central subject, but they are numerous, and as soon as Mr. Whitlock branches out on one of the episodes, stories, anecdotes indirectly connected with La Fayette's career, they become innumerable. His book, like a photograph, is true to reality only in its center; the rest is poorly focussed, and consequently distorted.

The attempt of Mr. Whitlock was indeed bold, and few men alive, if any, could succeed in this task. To tell the whole story of La Fayette's career is an

* LA FAYETTE. By BRAND WHITLOCK. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. 2 vols. $10.

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overwhelming job. From 1775 to 1795 he is in the center of all that happens, and what happens then is: The American Revolution, the French Revolution, the birth of a new political and social era. Even from 1809 to 1834 La Fayette manages to be constantly on the stage; directly or indirectly he participates in four new revolutions. All the great men of the world from 1775 to 1834 knew him, had met him, thought him a fool or a hero. Washington, Louis XVI, Vergennes, Hamilton, Jefferson, John Adams, Frederic the Great, George III, North, Pitt, Napoleon, Louis Philippe, Mme. de Staël, Jackson, etc., all had something to say about him, something to do with him. On this immense stage he was always moving, bowing to the crowd, cheered by it, amidst the noise of revolutions and wars.

Was it necessary to go over the whole story again? It has been told already, and in a satisfactory manner. (Five books on La Fayette in the last fifeen months!) Would it not have been better to take a more restricted but more original point of view? Study his real personality rather than all the turmoil and clamor which surrounds it? We know pretty well what happened around him, but what happened in him, what he was really, what he thought, and how, to be just, we should judge him, we do not yet know. A thorough analysis, an exact appraisal of his motives, his real influence and responsibilties have never been achieved; that would have been a great contribution to history. In the three pages of his preface Mr. Brand Whitlock presents a bright and interesting sketch of La Fayette's character, but it is too short. The 927 pages of his two volumes add practically nothing to it; they are too long.

* * *

There is still a book to be written, a Portrait of La Fayette. He has been too long hiding behind his life! Time has come to paint him as he was, not as he meant to be seen.

La Fayette: a young hero, a silly old man. La Fayette: the greatest French-American statesman, the poorest French politician. La Fayette, the man who invented modern popularity and its use. La Fayette, one of those national products which are excellent for export, a pest for the home market. La Fayette, one of the most valuable bonds between France and America, one of the most distressing sights for a Frenchman, because he is very typical of what is cheap in French character: pride, shallowness, theatrical sincerity. La Fayette who used to be generous to the point of selfishness and treason. La Fayette, in a word, who, having to discharge two duties, the one vague and indirect, the other precise and immediate, always chose the vague and indirect duty rather than the precise and immediate one.

He was treacherous to his wife, during his whole life, except perhaps in jail, and she was the most exquisite French woman of the eighteenth century. He was treacherous to his class, the most refined group of people that ever existed. They hated him and they were right: he had willingly accepted all the privileges he got from being a noble, he enjoyed them fully, and used them to fight his class. Nobody ever showed a more insufferable pride towards his equals and superiors, the while he was treating his inferiors with an exquisite kindness. He was treacherous to the King at the beginning of the Revolution, and treacherous to the Revolution in 1792.

He had no political ability: in 1789 he played into the hands of the Duke of Orleans, whom he hated; in 1791 he prepared the downfall of the king, whom he loved; in 1792 he made sure the triumph of the Terrorists whom he despised; in 1830 he made a king of Louis Philippe, whom he did not trust, and killed in her cradle the Republic he had dreamed all his life to see established in France. He was not always courageous. In 1792 he fled from his army, through fear of the "Jacobins" in Paris, leaving at their mercy his wife and his children.

* * *

All that is true.

But it is true also, that when the United States was most in need of friends, and esteem, and cash, he came to them, the first, he gave them what they sought, and started the "American fashion" all over the world; that he was five years in an Austrian jail (the lucky man!) because he was the symbol of liberty—and because blundering has always been a great Hapsburg trait; that he kept aloof from Napoleon when he could have received power, money, glory, from the Great Man; that nobody had more charm than he and that nobody knew the technique of generosity as well as he did; that nobody ever had better friends than he did: Washtongton, Jefferson, Hamilton!

This queer man has never been studied with care, courage, and sympathy. Mr. Brand Whitlock, endowed with all the literary and personal qualities requisite for such a work, could have done it. He chose to describe the pageant of La Fayette's life and his gestures. It is too bad.

But the book is pleasant to read; it will be a new contribution to La Fayette's legend. In place of finding a judge La Fayette has won one more friend. The lucky man!

In Darkest Africa

THEN I SAW THE CONGO. By GRACE FLANDRAU. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THERE have been swarms of books about Africa. Some deal with one phase, some with another; some are written by people who can write, others by people who should never have written. There are many about big game hunting and adventures among the natives. Conditions have changed so very markedly since the advent of the motor car that Africa has probably altered more in the last twenty years than it did during the previous two hundred.

The big game hunter and explorer of the last century and the early days of this century are as irrevocably gone as the Red Indian and the buffalo of our plains. Selous and Gordon Cumming, and Arthur Newman and Drummond have left us vivid descriptions of that life. We hear much today about the slaughter of big game; Mrs. Flandrau makes more than one reference to it, but one has only to turn to some of the early books to realize that we have made great strides in awakening the public conscience in this regard. If anyone were now to publish a book revealing the wholesale killing of which many an earlier hunter told, such a storm of protest would arise that the author would probably be held at Ellis Island on a charge of "moral turpitude."

* * *

This does not mean that much unjustifiable killing does not go on, but National and International game preservation societies are yearly guaranteeing better protection, and making more public the opprobrium against those that transgress. It is a small point, but if Mrs. Flandrau feels so strongly opposed to shooting game as she indicates, it would have seemed more logical that she shouuld not have taken part in the automobile antelope hunting which she describes.

The combination big game hunter and explorer such as Livingston or Burton or Speke is of necessity as extinct as the dodo. Mrs. Flandrau points this out in amusing fashion when she recounts how the unknown "white spot" on the map of Africa recedes as they draw close to it, eventually revealing itself as an often traversed country.

"Debunking" is in fashion now; and few illusions are left with regard to our ancestors, our friends, social institutions, or even the physical geography of our world. Like many excellent movements it has become in many instances so much of a fetish, that it represents a more ludicrous pose than does its objective. Mrs. Flandrau steers a happy middle course, for while she shows up the lurid tales of adventure and mystery, she replaces them with the very real drama that is everywhere to be found. Among the most intensely interesting parts of her book are the constant thumb nail sketches of official and trader, and missionary and traveller. Even when most tempted to over-sentimentality she manages to present a sane picture. This is particularly true when she is dealing with the natives, and the most rabid believer in Africa for the whites must admit with few exceptions, the justness of her reasoning.

* * *

One of the purposes of the expedition was the production of a moving picture film. Mrs. Flandrau gives a delightful account of how their hopes and beliefs are one by one exploded. From a distance the manufacture of a thriller seemed a not too difficult feat; there would be attacks by natives, and adventures with lion and elephant. As the ground of operations grew closer both the difficulty and futility of the performance became increasingly apparent. It is impossible to make a commercial film without subordinating everything else on an expedition to it; and in the final analysis most of the film, no matter what it deals with, can be more successfully and readily built in Hollywood.

Mrs. Flandrau has made an excellent choice of a title, for her quotation from Vachel Lindsay provides the desirable atmosphere, and she is able to maintain it. The book is a very real contribution to the literature of the no longer Dark Continent.

Holy Arabia

THE HOLY CITIES OF ARABIA. By ELDON RUTTER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1929. 2 vols.

Reviewed by EDWARD THOMPSON

MR. RUTTER'S book does not call for many words in praise. Its merits are obvious and great, and can be easily indicated. It is, first, the most intimate and detailed account of the holy cities of Arabia that has reached the outside world. The author, a professing Moslem, was enabled to make not a hurried or furtive visit, but a leisurely stay, which included nine months in Mecca itself. He was a professing Moslem, adequate in all points of ritual and armed against a watchful fanaticism; but he is free from intolerance, and writes with as critical a detachment as any Christian could have shown. To all this he adds the excellence of a style innocent of all fine writing. It is not innocent of cunning, though; the reader will be conscious of the memory of Doughty's disdainful, impersonal aloofness from his narration and of an austerity that is studied and deliberate. I do not reckon these qualities as faults. They do not make for quick and easy recognition of Mr. Rutter's gift of style, but they ensure that each new reading will enhance satisfaction. For example, take this closely observed night picture:

> The bleating of goats came forlornly out of the falling darkness, and anon we padded silently towards a group of dark standing figures—elusive and unreal in the moonlight. These, I thought, as we slowly approached them, are black-shrouded women of the Arabs herding their flocks in the silent night. But as we passed over the pale surface of the sand abreast of them, I saw they were nothing but black scrub-bushes growing there. Traveling thus by night on the tall pad-footed beasts, it seems to the rider borne at such height aloft, that he is silently gliding or swimming over a yielding, unstable surface. Or it seems that the pale, half-seen ground beneath him is fluid, and itself moves flowing past: and in it dark forms of unknown shapes appear dimly, gliding out of the limitless black spaces under the stars—till going closely by them, he sees in the moonlight that they are nothing but shrubs and trees. Into this silent ghostliness, the cry of a jackal comes as a sudden commonplace sound of the actual world.

It would need space to bring out Mr. Rutter's achievement, for only quotation could do it. He is not only skilled in narration and description. His dialogues are masterly, recapturing the mixture of simplicity, guile, ignorance, conceit, logic, and inconsequence that mark the Arab in his more pious moods. If you want incident, there are the grave pilgrimages to various places where devils were stoned; there are the quarrels and suspicions and hypocrisies and wisdom of the folk met on the same journey or at its finish; there is the reported proceeding of the Wahhabis when they entered Mecca, and

> broke into the palace of Sayyidna (Our Lord, i.e. King Husayn), and tied a donkey in his sitting-place. And on the donkey's head they put the turban of Sayyidna. After that they drove the donkey, and he wearing the turban, out into the streets, and went round the city with him in front of them. Then they kicked the jewelled Stambuli coat of Sayyidna, and his jewelled state umbrella, into the market-place.

The information value of "The Holy Cities of Arabia" can be indicated by the topics treated in separate chapters. Among these are The Meccan's Daily Life; Description of the Kaaba; Women and Slaves; Laws and Their Source; Manners and Customs; Geographical and Historical Notes; Topographical Description. Maps and plans complete an account the most authoritative and up-to-date that we have of the cities forbidden to non-Moslem travellers. It is rarely that an author so clearly knows what he would do; it is not easy to see how Mr. Rutter could have better achieved his purpose.

Rudolf Borchardt, a poet of reputation, has translated Swinburne and Landor into German, and edited an excellent anthology of German verse.

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Promise Almost Fulfilled

THE MAN WITHIN. By GRAHAM GREENE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER

BRITISH critics have somewhat diminished their stock of superlatives over the flawless artistry which they find in this book. They have a good deal of provocation for it is an assured and competent piece of work. It is remarkable, too, that its author, a twenty-three year old London journalist, should have in his first novel forged a literary weapon sharp and sure enough to cut through the many lazy layers of public indifference. I suspect that the strength of his Excalibur is literary integrity. He has little or nothing of mannerism or trickery and he does not conceal his difficulties by carrying off his reader into an emotional region of pretty, but obscuring clouds. Take the conclusion of this novel, for instance. It is tragic, but credible, and from the point of view of literary architecture it is a very effective coping stone. Yet for many it will seem disappointingly empty, because in the novel they have been following a halting human regeneration which almost, if not entirely, ends in a double bankruptcy. Perhaps Mr. Greene is right and the human comedy does more often come to such an end. What seems important is that he gives you his conclusion with almost no fumbling or tricky "sublimation." Most young writers would have had less courage.

In the main the novel is an exciting tale written in distinct, dignified prose. The excitement is partly in the train of incident, but almost as much in the stops and starts and retrogressions of an alchemical process whereby one sane, direct personality labors lovingly to transmute the dross of a confused, less sane one into honest metal. The whole, set convincingly in the Sussex of the smuggling "Gentlemen" of the eighteenth century, really grips attention, chiefly because the complex characters of the actors are revealed in behavior of a swift, natural kind. There is beauty in the arduous attainment of communion between the cowardly "hero" and the brave heroine, as she strips him momentarily of his habitual weak need for pity. The downlands above Lewes come to life on the page. The group of actors range from earthiness to spirituality and their contacts are not resolved into any miraculous harmony. For nine-tenths of the novel almost any reader will be grateful, and some will accept as a proper concluding tenth the destruction of a bright spirit and the suicide of her destroyer.

This novel of inner conflict incites comparison with the recent "Wolf Solent," for both authors set out on a long, adventurous road of the human spirit which does not seem to bring them home. Without entering on the catalogue of likes and differences which might easily be made, there is this to be said. Presumably "Wolf Solent" is near the height of its author's potentialities. This is by no means certain of "The Man Within," which may well be the forerunner of better fare to come, which will get beyond honesty and subtlety and competence of craftsmanship to outstanding artistic achievement.

Maddison's Youth

THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE many readers of Mr. Williamson's "The Pathway" must have noticed that by its numerous references to the earlier lives of its characters it has an odd effect of beginning in the middle, which Maddison's account of himself only partly removes. It now appears that "The Pathway" is the last of four books, which, with a pendant or epilogue of Maddison's "celestial fantasy" "The Star-Born" make up one work, "The Flax of Dream." Dutton's has now brought out the first volume of the tetralogy, "The Beautiful Years," written nine years ago.

This book deals with Maddison's childhood, between the ages of seven and nine. It shows him a lonely boy, son of a lonely, widowed father; sensitive, as we should expect of William Maddison at any age; shy, even cowardly, as children of keen perceptions are apt to be unless the powerful world is extraordinarily kind to them; romantically inclined, and finding romance in penny dreadfuls, like many small boys; a lover of wild creatures, but ready enough to rob a nest or help send a ferret down a rabbit-warren. In short, Willie Maddison at eight years old is much like a great many small boys. One should have been prepared for it, for Maddison in "The Pathway" has said that it was not until the war that his soul found itself; but still the detached presentment of Willie in "The Beautiful Years" is a little disappointing. One expected something more singular of Maddison at any age.

In setting himself to write a book about a young boy, and a boy who is not to develop until later, Mr. Williamson has given himself no opportunity for a number of the qualities that make up his unique appeal to many readers. There cannot be in such a book the exigent questions, and the haunting mysticism of "The Pathway," the pure, revealing naturalism of "Tarka the Otter," nor the truly cruel power of some of his short stories, notably "The Yellow Boots." This is not to say that in "The Beautiful Years" Mr. Williamson has not done good work, but only that since 1920 he has

THE MARQUIS OF LAFAYETTE
From a portrait by Danloux.

done some much better. "Though much is taken, much abides": "The Beautiful Years" has, like everything Mr. Williamson writes, a sense of utter rapture in the intimate English out-of-doors, and a power of communicating it. Every brook haunts the author like a passion, and the reader too. There is his peculiarism of presenting the cruelty of nature with exquisite tenderness yet with no trace of sentimentality. There is more than enough to make a book.

But Mr. Williamson himself seems to feel that his central theme does not give him a free hand; he has introduced a love-affair which has no real relation to Willie, between a servant-girl and the village ne'er-do-well, a man too fond of the fields ever to settle to anything. Here the writer is in his own country; the shy, half-articulate love-scenes, like the hidden courtships of wild creatures or the timid mutual advances of a child and a bird, are in their way as good as anything he has written. But the book wavers and hesitates; all the best of it seems to be side-issues.

A History of Culture

(*Continued from page* 285)

introductory matter about the new Britannica, that every encyclopedia hitherto has been written alphabetically, with a result not surprising (at least to editors) that as the M's and N's were passed the space ahead began to contract terribly and a passion for condensation and elimination raged in the hearts of the proprietors. Hence the P's and the Q's, the R's and the S's, most of all, one supposes, the V's, W's, and Z's suffered decimation, degradation, and spatial starvation. Things, thoughts, men, women spelled with an initial W or Y never grew up to their full dimension, and no one can say how public opinion has been warped as a result. Of wool, wulframite, will, viscosity, yogi, Youngstown, Xerxes, and Zoroastrionism, how much less we know than we might!

But the editors of the fourteenth edition of the Britannica had all the alphabet begun at once, with space adjudicated in advance. Therefore, whatever else this great practical compendium accomplishes, it will do justice at last to the subjects that fall between Sis-Tat, Vow-Wut, Xy-Yab, and Yu-Z.

Old Hoosier Culture

OLD FAMILIAR FACES. By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is an obituary of the old Hoosier culture, which was the quintessence of the culture of nineteenth-century America—a culture of the farm, of the horse and buggy; of the stovepipe hat and the baseburner stove; of the store and the law office whose primary business was to furnish elderly gentlemen a meeting place, where they might discuss the mistakes of General Rosecrans at Chickamauga; of the journeyman printer, and the editor who never capitalized the names of his personal and political enemies; of the home where books were few, but of the sort that would stand rereading; of the church where social service had not yet been heard of, where the intricacies of Christian doctrine were expounded from the pulpit, to be debated later at Sunday dinner tables between the fried chicken and the sweet-potato pie.

To say that this culture reached its height in Indiana would be an excess of filial piety; but it was more free from alien infusions in Indiana than anywhere else in the North. Here was a rural state, which stayed rural longer than its neighbors; a state populated almost wholly by the old American stock; more homogeneous, for all its division into a southern and a northern section, than any other in the old union. The industrialization which killed that old culture came late to Indiana; but now the factories, the automobiles, and prohibition have done their work. What their work has been, in Indiana, is not an altogether pleasant spectacle.

Mr. Nicholson choses to turn his eyes away from it, and contemplate the past. His concern with the present is more active, it takes effect in politics, not in literature. But he paints a picture of Indiana, particularly of Indianapolis, some forty years ago, which may make a good many Hoosier young people wonder if the blessings of modernism are worth what they cost. The essays on "One's Grandfather," on Civil War veterans, on Lucius B. Swift, the civil-service reformer, present an amazing gallery of portraits. Here is a group of salient and salty characters; scholars and gentlemen who had not lost the tang of the soil. Study them and you will see why Indiana, in its day, had distinction. From this background came the emigrés, who, in the epoch when Indiana discharged its surplus population into Chicago, went forth to occupy the land, to become presidents of railroads and of universities.

Well, the tide has turned; as in the Chicago River, the current flows the other way. The lake counties of Indiana, as depicted in recent newspaper reports, seem to be another drainage canal flooded with Chicago's human sewage; and while the old native stock still prevails down state, some of it has soured on the cob. Yet it needs only a little travel to perceive that there are probably as many civilized people in Indiana as there ever were; only, for the time being, they have lost the upper hand. It may be permitted to the expatriate to hope that this will not endure forever, and that a state with such an honorable record will not be forever content under a régime in which—*ex uno disce omnes*—the drinking of twenty-three percent liquor is permitted only to the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League.

Of most interest to the non-Hoosier reader will be the autobiographical chronicle, "Without Benefit of College." If the way to live long is to get an incurable disease and take care of yourself, perhaps the way to get a good education is to miss college and be ashamed of yourself. Teachers of the classics, if any of these prehistoric animals still survive on Carnegie pensions, may derive a melancholy and belated edification from the account of how Nicholson learned Greek and Latin. He never studied grammar, or exercised himself on the ladder of paradigms; he bought a few texts, a few translations, a dictionary, and waded in. He can't tell you the difference between the first and the second aorist, but he can read Greek at sight. If more people had studied Greek that way in our fathers' time, more people might be studying it today.

But the delight of all these essays is their style—a lucid, flowing prose, leisurely, urbane, and mellow. Urbanity and mellowness are qualities not greatly prized, in this enlightened day; they belong to the age of the horse and buggy. Yet the historian of the future may feel that the age of the deferred-payment automobile was not in all respects the peak of civilization.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe

VI.

I SEE you, Tony, in your blue shirt, in the green and yellow wood. I hear the blows of your axe; the steady keening of your saw in measured hero couplets. Pure October air is round you, smell of logs and mould, unmitigated sunshine of noon, and you have nothing to think of nor perceive but the split of the axe-blade, the smell of logs, the feel of earth under your bootsoles, the feel of barky wood on your hard brown hands.

It is odd that you are here today, working as lonely as Crusoe only a paragraph from my window. I can see your blue shirtsleeve swinging up and down among that miscellany of green and tawny leaves, and I must catch the charm and power of this moment before it fades. This very morning, before you came, I was sorry because I had not put on *my* blue shirt which I wear for easy hours, a shirt worn and washed until it is soft and fine as an old Medici nightgown—though one imagines the Medicis always going to bed in such a hurry that they didn't bother about nightgowns. That is the shirt I wear for idling and moseying, for sitting on rocks and smelling seaweed. But this was to be a working day, a noble damnable day of pen and ink and typewriter; so by mere habit I forgot the blue shirt.

Then I looked out into this illustrious noon. The line of the meridian, gilded with Now, passed invisible across us; Meaning was not far away. I saw you, swart and faithful Tony, and I thought how lucky you are, dealing only with hard and savory things like timber. Donny, the old fool sheepdog, lay on the sunny gravel, emeritus and pleased as a trustee at the Union League Club. He, concerned over so many things, would not even raise his head as I passed. He was reassured: it was Only Me. There were faded mauve asters in our little jungle, and the small tight buds of our jejune chrysanthemums which have not yet any idea What It's All About. There was the grey rock that will still be there long after ourselves have solved whatever is available for solution. And you, old Tony, your queer hat abaft your head, with no notion of your bronze Italian comeliness, were part of that deep unsearchable world that lies so near us and which we can never be intuitive enough to explore. You were the woodcutter in the forest as we used to read of him in the fairy tales. The white hens, those lean and spinster fowls who ran away from home(like ambitious young alumnae) and took an apartment in a neighbor's dark pinetree, because they were frightened by rats in the roost, picked round you undismayed. You were of their world, world of shine and shower, world of hunger and fear. And I saw that you wore a blue shirt, man's understood badge of the poetry of doing.

We lit the furnace together, and now the first steam of the season (always a miracle and a rite) is whispering in the radiator; whispering of long winter nights to come. How much could be said (which I am not fool enough to say) of that first whisper of the steam, its sly teasing suggestions. It suggests green frosty twilights that set the heart crying, when there are a million pale-gold window panes and every tree is black; and there are patterns on paper to be turned into living flesh and ecstasy of men and women. The season comes when ink is proud and the right hand knows its cunning. Avast praise of summer; give me early dusk. Give me, in fact, whatever you please, and I'll make it my own.

You went back into the green cave of leaves where I see you now, Tony; where no telephone can ever call you; where your mind is vacant of all save the pleasure of good labor with air and sweat. Perhaps that is why you seem quite close to all sorts of simple truths. It would not occur to you to accept or deny; merely to endure and continue. You would not ask more of Beauty than she could give you. When work is over you light your pipe, push your hat a little further back, and walk home. Not otherwise maybe, in forest gaps among the rough slopes of Apennine, your far-off cousins bend with axe and saw, and wipe their brows with hairy forearms. And yet I take you Tony, there as you are, now, and fling you across a world. You, unguessing and never to suspect, surpass for an instant both Time and Distance. You, my better in so much, live here in the sideways slipping of my hand, because, one day of sweet October, you worked in green and yellow woodland and wore a blue shirt.

* * *

For a moment I was somewhere near what I wanted to think; it trembled away. How may one keep that thrill of meaning that comes and vanishes so suddenly? Sometimes, undeniably, you do know that everything is part of everything else; the integrating calculus is perfect; you can guess how all fits together with yellow light around it and the trees perforated with bluer blue as the sun slopes west. Then with equal softness certainty slips off. Life seems a large idea to hold in your mind; the disproportion is too severe. It is as inequal as a phrase I noticed the other day when an attorney was reopening a saloon that had been padlocked. As he relaxed the official vinculum he handed the owner a legal paper, at which I glanced. It said, Complainant, The United States of America, vs. Frederick Wogenprall. The antithesis seemed almost exaggerated.

So I try to keep Tony's blue shirt in mind as an emblem of decent simplicity. I give his image away to you as a talisman, and you who will never see him may think of him as he sawed and chopped all day under the changing colors of light and leaves. Perhaps a talisman that is not successful is dearest of all: if it does not perform what you thought it might, its virtue is still there, unexercised. Once I picked up a blue glass jewel fallen on the stage from some costume in The Black Crook. It did not perform any magic, nor did I really suppose it would; but it serves me as a pocket reminder of a thing I loved much and which had its own fate to pursue. To fortify oneself with small tinsel charms and tokens is a form of innocent savagery; but so is all poetry. To wear such casual amulets a while, then put them away in a ditty-box for occasional study, is to keep a perfect autobiography of one's own pieties. Why should we all be so terrified of being egotists; which is what we were intended to be.

I need no mottled goosebone, while the first steam is whispering, to predict to you that nights will be long this winter; it is the ultimate winter we have had so far. There will be cold and utter silences, when clocks will chime, radiators freeze, and some read Keats. Now, while that steam is brewing, the house is warm again after the pinching days when we made shift to live with electric heaters. Sometimes, if you earn a chill October midnight alone with Keats and an electric heater, in that concentration of stillness the small hum of golden amperes swells like the roar of a train in a tunnel. Then you may remember that the mind of a poet is not different from those orange-hot wires. Force through them a current too fierce for them, and they grow luminous with joy and gain.

* * *

Long nights will be needed; there is much poetry to be written. Be encouraged by the thought how little has yet been done. So many little tin boxes that have fresh new typewriter ribbons in them! perhaps, my Mistletoe, on one of those small sibylline wheels of tape your own heart may inherit. Not many voices have really come perilously near our secret, to say it without bitterness nor simpering. There are not many that pierce through all tatters of the moment and say ourselves to ourselves with the huge tenderness we deserve. Shakespeare and Whitman were such, yet were only troubled and errant men. Shakespeare above all, the great laughter from a cloud, distant three centuries of rain-swept darkness yet only ten begats away; so much ourself that even at the telephone or in a porcelain bathtub his words invest our very thought. He is our greatest mortgagee; but he will not foreclose, and the loan is worth the swink of our petty cash payments. Neither he nor another can say for you all you knew to be true before earth's mannerly fibs were taught you. You must breathe it for yourself, in the winds of North River, see it on the rising sheers of 42nd Street; even in the coals of the furnace or a Long Island grove where Tony was working in a blue shirt.

Bide your own silence then, my Mistletoe, and be aware of your truth, secretly warm and alive, central node of being. And perhaps the oldest dream of your nether mind may come actual, and beauty that abolishes all fear show her brightness unashamed. She has many deceptive sisters but she outshines them all. For such thoughts men need long nights. "Orion does not sleep, and why should I?"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Chinese Official

KOW TOW. By PRINCESS DER LING. Illustrated by S. PINKUS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH
Author of "Tu Fu"

A DELIGHTFUL book! In her volumes "Two Years in the Forbidden City" and "Old Buddha," Princess Der Ling has already made notable contributions to the history of China under the Empire. The present work is equally valuable. Here we have the portrait of Lord Yü Keng, her father, type of an upright official; one, to whom the people under his care can present the "Ten Thousand Men Umbrellas," that is great canopies with many ribbons of different colors hanging around their edges; and on the ribbons are written names of men, the donors—even unto ten thousand. The portrait is drawn with loving care against the background of the household which in true patriarchal fashion always accompanied Lord Yü Keng on his peregrinations from one post to another, posts in China, in Japan, and in France. Here we have Hung Fang the aggressive, managing maid-servant who began life as a "slave" and who directs the children implacably whether they are in Paris, or the interior of China; here the teacher from Honan who greatly to Der Ling's discomfiture is never left behind; here are the secretaries, the amahs, and the innumerable individuals who in the China of the Empire formed the retinue of a great official. And here last but far from least, we have Der Ling herself, the petted daughter, the favorite child to Lord Yü Keng, Official of the First Class, Chinese Envoy to Japan, and later to France.

The opening chapters of the book give a remarkable picture of that relation between parent and child, which though reasonable in Oriental eyes, seems fantastic to Occidentals. Little children in China are very often *choyer,* as the French would say, to a degree quite incompatible with our strict ideas of discipline. The axioms erstwhile familiar to the ears of Western children "spare the rod and spoil the child," children should be seen and not heard," have no echo in the thought of the Middde Kingdom. To Lord Yü Keng his clever, spirited little girl was evidently a chosen companion who repaid his deep affection with ardent devotion, and one whose presence never came amiss. From her description one can see the great man in robes of office being carried in his official chair to board the ship which is to take him on a journey, and there, seated on his knee, a brightly dressed child of six, her black eyes snapping, her black hair tied with a red ribbon, a child determined to be with her father until the last moment.

Such intimate descriptions are far too numerous to cite in detail. They provide an authentic picture of a social structure, arranged on definite lines, which has now gone forever; a picture which should be comprehended by all who are interested in questions connected with that vast stretch of country to which we attach the name of China.

The actual pictures in the book are unfortunately of the stereotyped comic opera *genre* and give no idea of the physical background described while the figure on the cover is a travesty of any Chinese Magistrate.

Lord Yü Keng in his selfless devotion to the state was one of those officials described in the quotation from a Chinese work which I use as the Dedication to my new book, it reads:

> . . . Incorruptible Officials who served as Linch-pins to the Wheels, in the Chinese Chariot of Government. These all for their virtuous administrations are celebrated in song; verily because of this their good name is manifest.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

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Books of Special Interest

English Drama

ENGLISH COMIC DRAMA, 1700-1750. By F. W. BATESON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $2.50.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, A Conversation Between Swift and Gay. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. Seattle: University of Washington Chapbooks. 1929. 65 cents.

Reviewed by WILLIAM EBEN SCHULTZ

HISTORIANS and critics of English drama have been both stingy and indifferent in their consideration of the period between 1700 and 1750. It has been the fashion, often, to disregard it or touch it lightly, with the exception of a special prominence for Steele, whose plays have caught, perhaps, some of the reflected glory of the *Tatler* or the *Spectator* papers.

Now comes Mr. Bateson, throwing new light on half a dozen authors of comedy and bringing fresh appraisals for our time. His treatment is popular, rather than scholarly; appreciative rather than expository or argumentative. His book thus becomes a worthy successor to the refreshing work of Mr. Dobrée on Restoration comedy, published in the Oxford series of dramatic studies back in 1924. It deserves a place as a companion volume, and is itself good company. Much fuller in its treatment of a few specific writers than Professor Nettleton's standard history of the field, it has the chance to view and review, discuss and dissect, certain individuals who create for us what we traditionally call—by very undescriptive names—the Queen Anne and early Georgian drama.

Advertised as a survey of English comedy in the first half of the eighteenth century, the volume is less and more than that; it provides clever portraits of six people—five men and a woman—who are presented as the most important writers for the stage. There is a seeming incongruity in this sextette from dramatic Anglia, Mrs. Susanna Centlivre and her masculine playmates, Colley Cibber, Richard Steele, John Gay, Henry Carey, and Henry Fielding. These six, however, belong together,—blending into a logical group to illustrate the period and its literary performance.

Mr. Bateson shows clearly that he has steeped himself in his subject, gained a most intimate knowledge of the plays quoted and analyzed, and thoroughly enjoyed the authors as human beings, lifted out of their pages. He has not looked at them with coldly critical eyes, but met them personally, sat down with them at the coffee house, and carried real atmosphere away in his garments. A sense of humor, lacking in most books of this kind, is predominant. Here is genuine salad, which a skilful literary chef has mixed for us out of diverse ingredients. That is why the volume, fluent in style and charmingly informal in its point of view, is such attractive reading—pleasant and profitable at the same time.

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Two general essays of introduction and conclusion give a fine estimate of the spirit and genius of early eighteenth-century drama, with its self-analysis, social consciousness, and sophistication, its abstract ideals, sentimentalism, and occasional immorality. The author calls "the failure to achieve a unity of tone and impression . . . the most serious defect in the comedies of the eighteenth century." He finds them at heart full of freshness and humor, after the callousness and cynicism of the Restoration. He holds the poor theatrical conditions and the shifting quality of the English audience responsible for much of the thinness of the comedy—mostly second-rate—between 1700 and 1750. A valuable bibliography makes concrete the scope of the material in hand.

Mr. Bateson sets his six labors in the dramatic vineyard (if they ever worked, instead of playing there) against a clarified background, examining the comic motive in each. Of these sketches, though all are well done, perhaps the best is the one on Gay, the most interesting those on Mrs Centlivre and Carey, and the least significant that on Fielding. The author develops an entirely new conception of the talent and importance of Cibber, professional builder of plays, rather than creative dramatic artist—a secondary figure, but a pioneer. He gives good emphasis to Steele's work for the stage, praising him more highly than most critics of this period, though not blind to his defects as a dramatist. The irregularities of authorship on the part of Mrs. Centlivre are considered "spices in the comic soup"; and Carey is nimbly painted as "a Gay in drugget, the Prior of the prentices." Next to Cibber and Fielding, Gay gets the most space, and apparently more personal appreciation than all the others. In a single word the author strikes off Gay's distinguishing literary characteristic—charm. He recognizes his ability as a poet and his prevailing modernity. "Gay," he compliments, "is one of the few masters of Irony in English." His judgment of "The Beggar's Opera" is sounder than that of "Polly," the sequel, though he makes his case a little too strong for the former piece as a comedy of sentiment, when Gay's intention must have been mainly to ridicule the popular sentimentality of the time.

Whatever Mr. Bateson may lack in his picture of the elusive sidelights to Gay's character, Mr. Bonamy Dobrée creates well in his imaginary dialogue between Swift and Gay about Congreve. The pamphlet is one of the University of Washington Chapbooks, which should be investigated by any one not already familiar with the series (now nearly thirty in number).

Mr. Osbert Burdett recently nominated Gay's prose for a place by the side of Swift's and Congreve's. That is particularly interesting, in view of the present pamphlet, where Gay's conversation with Swift is attempted on the current subject of Congreve. Appropriately, Swift, the satirist, talks to Gay, the entertainer, about Congreve, the painter of manners and customs on the stage. All three men were interested in the drama in different degrees and from different angles. On the side of authorship, Gay and Congreve had more in common than Gay and Swift, or Swift and Congreve, but it was a stroke of ingenuity for Mr. Dobrée to have John and Jonathan, close personal friends, evaluate the work and character of the Restoration playwright. The dialogue supposes a last flying visit of Swift to England in 1730, two years before the death of Gay. Borrowing the house of the Duke of Queensberry, Mr. Dobrée, elsewhere scholar, assumes the rôle of unconventional critic and wit. He reproduces the personalities of these famous men, as well as the table-talk of the age of Pope. The illusion, cleverly manipulated, makes their voices sound familiarly in our ears. Swift and Gay are prompted to say just the sort of things—bits of contemporary criticism—that these men would have been likely to say themselves.

Faiths and Creeds

THE STORY OF RELIGION. As Told in the Lives of Its Leaders. By CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1929. $5.

THE STORY OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY. By JOSEPH MCCABE. Edited with an Introduction by E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS. Boston: The Stratford Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

HERE are two books, each of which will be popular in opposing camps, yet each of which illustrates the same fundamental mentality. "The Story of Religion" is written by a liberal modernist who spreads a thin stream of toleration over all faiths and creeds. "The Story of Religious Controversy" is written by a fiery agnostic who gushes a vitriolic flood of vituperation against every faith and creed. Nothing that passes by the name of religion can be really bad, murmurs the genial Mr. Potter; nothing that passes by that name can be really good, shouts the irascible Mr. McCabe. A war of words. Neither book, actually, has much to do with religion,—which Mr. Potter regards as a branch of biology and Mr. McCabe regards as a branch of politics. Each author is strongly extroverted, whereas, of course, all religious founders have been introverts. Each is a moralist—an intelligent moralist—but without philosophy or religion. Each thinks in linear terms and believes in "progress." The one far-off divine event for Mr. Potter is a universal faith (whose birth he looks for, patriotically, in America); for Mr. McCabe it is a universal skepticism; but the faith of Mr. Potter contains so little faith, and the skepticism of Mr. McCabe contains so little skepticism that the two could walk contentedly hand in hand down their chosen highway of humanitarianism.

"The Story of Religion" is obviously modeled upon "The Story of Philosophy" by Will Durant. With a little more excuse, Mr. Potter, like Mr. Durant, tells his tale through biographies, but these, while well-informed and accurate, are hopelessly external. There is no iron in any of them. From Akhenaten to Mrs. Eddy (including such figures as Patrick, Nanak, Nicon, William Miller, and Phineas Quimby), the lives of twenty-four religious leaders are traced in a vivid, racy style which disdains to dwell upon the mere ideas or convictions of these leaders. Those have been selected, the author states, "who made significant contributions to the development of religion itself"—page William Miller!—but it is only at the very end that we gain any inkling of what religion is. Then we learn that it is "a satisfactory adjustment with the environment"—a definition that not only excuses Mr. Potter for giving Mrs. Eddy as much space as Jesus, but would really, if he were logical, demand that he give her far more space. Mr. Potter is out to sell religion in the manner of travelling salesmen. The place for his book is in rotarian hotels beside the Gideon Bible.

Mr. Joseph McCabe, Mr. Potter's opposite and complement, was for fourteen years a member of the Catholic Church; he came to skepticism too late. Although a scholar of wide erudition, with much historical research to his credit, and many valuable books written, his mind has nevertheless remained a-historical. He thinks of religion not as an individual or cultural manifestation, but—quite in the manner of its most orthodox devotees—as something external imported somehow into life. "The Story of Religious Controversy" is a réchauffé of brochures previously published by Mr. Haldeman-Julius. They are here thrown together in a haphazard manner, save that a general chronological order runs through the chaos. Containing much useful information, particularly in the chapters on medievalism, and evincing a far surer sense of grim fact than the medieval apologists usually reveal, Mr. McCabe's work is nevertheless largely vitiated by its intemperate polemicism which constantly assigns wrong motives. Thus, for example, he writes of "The Forgery of the Old Testament," forgetting that it was not composed in the twentieth century; of "The Jesuits, Religious Rogues," recalling their intrigues, but forgetting their heroism. At first all religion is depicted as the enemy; then, in comparison with Christianity, every other religion seems almost virtuous; finally, in comparison with Catholicism, even Protestantism gains a pallid aureole. Mr. McCabe's agnosticism, of course, turns out at the end to be nothing but eighteenth-century materialism. Haeckel is as near to philosophy as he has ever come. His book is a cut above Mr. Potter's. The place for it is in the rented halls of the Association of American Atheists.

Authors and Publishing

AUTHORSHIP IN THE DAYS OF JOHNSON, Being a Study of the Relation between Author, Patron, Publisher, and Public, 1726-1780. By A. S. COLLINS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE

THOSE who review and purchase books ought to unite in protesting against the common practice of American publishers of bringing out as new English books which have already been some time on the market. This book is got up and advertised as though it were now for the first time appearing, yet these identical sheets were brought out in England more than two years ago by Robert Holden & Co., and the author has since written a sequel, "The Profession of Letters," published in 1928 by George Routlege & Sons. It would have been more candid to insert a brief note saying so.

Dr. Collins's book needs no such pushing. It is a sober and thoroughgoing study which students of the eighteenth century will find constantly useful. He presents within small compass more precise and detailed information concerning the status of authors and the publishing trade in the eighteenth century than can be found in any other work I have seen. His chapter on the copyright controversy is the first inclusive treatment of a subject of vital importance to all literary historians. There have hitherto appeared several excellent articles giving summaries, or developing the part played in the struggle by individuals such as Alexander Donaldson, but Dr. Collins has written a narrative which presents lucidly all the essential features of the history of the sixty-five years with as much fulness as any ordinary student will require. The chapter on patronage is original and convincing. Dr. Collins has a good word to say for the patrons, and makes a good case even for those vigorously maligned persons, Bubb Dodington and Lord Halifax. Patronage, he thinks, served a good and necessary purpose in the earlier part of the century, but fell completely into decay in the latter part, because the reading public had grown large enough to support its authors. The worst period was the middle of the century, when authors really had to depend upon the hack work offered by "the trade" for their sustenance, but were teased and humiliated by great men who wished the reputation of being patrons without assuming any of the responsibilities. It was in 1756 that Johnson, with some justice, defined a patron as "commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery," and, in revising his "Vanity of Human Wishes," struck out "garret" from the list of evils that assail the scholar's life and substituted "patron." But such gibes would have been less warranted twenty-five years earlier.

Suleiman I

THE GRAND TURKE: Suleiman the Magnificent, Sultan of the Ottomans. By FAIRFAX DOWNEY. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

MR. FAIRFAX DOWNEY'S attitude towards history is not unfairly represented by his spelling; and the explanatory note on the jacket "The Glamorous Story of the Greatest of the Turkish Sultans, His Life, His Battles, His Loves" (the order one feels is climactic) indicates accurately the principle on which he has selected his material. The attitude (like that of the persons who denominate their enterprises Booke Shoppes, Radio Shoppes) is that anything which happened longer ago than the election of President Harding is *per se* quaint; and the principle of selection, although it was long popular with writers who clung to the tradition of Suetonius and the Renaissance historians, is now happily tending to be confined more and more to the tabloid newspapers.

Perhaps this may seem too severe. Mr. Downey's is an avowedly popular history, and in the comparatively little worked field of the Ottoman expansion it is more difficult to achieve accuracy and perspective than in a better known and safer period. But several brilliant recent studies, notably Mr. Hackett's "Henry VIII," show that a history does not have to be cheap and inaccurate in order to be popular, and Professor Lybyer's book on the administrative system of the very monarch who is Mr. Downey's subject demonstrates the possibility of critical scholarly work in Turkish history. In fact, an increasing amount of such work is being done; and Professor Lybyer's book, devoted as it is to the internal and institutional side of the reign of Suleiman I emphasizes the need of a good account of the character, campaigns, and foreign policy of the greatest of the Turkish sultans, and makes inevitable an odious comparison.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Downey should have undertaken a work for which he is obviously not equipped. It would be too much, perhaps, to expect him to consult original sources in the language of the people about whom he is writing. He does not even read German; so that the standard authority in his period, Jorga's "Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches," is nowhere mentioned and much of the most valuable monographic literature of recent years is, of course, a closed book to him. But one searches in vain through the miscellaneous hodge-podge of titles in French and English called a bibliography for any notice of the work of Duro, Bonelli, Manfroni, Julien de la Gravière, Bourilly, J. Ursu, or indeed any evidence at all that Mr. Downey made any systematic attempt to acquaint himself with what was known of the history he was undertaking to write. Perhaps that is just as well. Even among the uncertain works he has consulted, Mr. Downey's one principal of historical criticism seems to be to select always the bizarre, the sensational, and the fabulous, and then to embroider upon them. The result is a story of incredible campaigns, blood-soaked intrigues, and harem lusts less useful as history and infinitely less interesting than any child's version of "The Arabian Nights." No one, then, will be deceived into thinking that the biography of Suleiman I is not still to write.

Bernard Shaw is understood to be engaged on a collected edition of his works, and gives some statistics. But his arithmetic seems to be out of order. He is represented as saying:

"In a single period of ten years I wrote more than a million words. I've probably written, all told, about 340 million."

Now the first sentence represents a daily output of 274 words a day, and the second (presuming Mr. Shaw to have written for fifty years) at 18,630 a day. The one figure seems as excessive as the other is modest.

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Francis and Grigory

ST. FRANCIS we call him. But the little poor man of Assisi, the littlest of the littler brothers—that was what he liked to call himself. Humbly. He believed in being humble. He was proud of his humility.

Now humility is an excellent thing, so long as it's the right sort of humility. And so is the right sort of pride. But what are the right sorts of humility and pride? They are the sorts, it is evident, of which *I* approve. But are they anything else? I do not know, but I hope so. In the following pages I have set down the reasons for my hopes. Meanwhile, let me say at once that I don't like either the humbleness of the little poor man, or his pride. If I were in the habit of using clerical phraseology, I should say that they were not "true" pride, "true" humility. For True Pride, my brethren, is surely unmixed with vanity. I dislike vain people as much as I like those who are proud of their humanity and know how to stick up for their human rights and dignity. Was Francis's pride of the true variety? *"Cum esset gloriosus animo,"* in the words of a contemporary, *"et nollet aliquem se praecellere,"* I doubt it. All his history testifies to his vanity. His youthful dissipations, for example—what drove him into those? Pure snobbery. To be debauched was a sign then, as in later times, of nobility. Vain, the son of a shop-keeper, he was ambitious to outspend, outdrink, outroar, and outfornicate the choicest imps of the Umbrian nobility. And when he was a prisoner of War at Perugia, in 1202, "you'll see," he was wont to say to his companions, "one day I shall be worshipped by the whole world." Later, he found in dreams of knight errantry imaginary compensations for the middle-class reality of his existence. An opportunity to realize these dreams in actual life presented itself; Francis seized it. He ordered at great expense a sumptuous knight errant's trousseau. His appearance in it was dazzling. "I know," he said prophetically, "that I shall become a great prince." And with that he rode out of Assisi to join the expedition of Walter de Brienne in Apulia. He rode twenty miles, as far as Spoleto, and then, after one day's knight errantry, returned to the paternal roof. Sabatier suggests that he was "ragged" by his noble companions. It is very possible. For some time after the ill-fated expedition, he seems, at any rate, to have lived in a state of pained retrospective shame and brooding humiliation. But little by little the old passion reasserted itself. To be "a great prince," to be "worshipped by the whole world," to allow nobody to excel him. But how should he realize these longings? He had tried the knightly way and failed, ignominiously. In his misery he turned to religion and there, in religion, discovered a new field for achieving the personal distinction for which his soul so ardently and incessantly longed. The world refused to recognize him as Assisi's greatest soldier. Very well. It should recognize him as Assisi's greatest man of God.

* * *

Between the modern professional sportsman and a certain type of Christian ascetic there is an extraordinary resemblance. The Lausaic History reads like a record of post-war athletics. Eremitic life in the Thebaid was an affair of record-making and record-breaking. Brother A only washes on Easter Mondays. Very well; Brother B will not wash at all. Brother C lives on one ounce of bread per diem and fasts three days a week. The emulous Brother D goes into training and ends by being able to fast four days a week and on an even smaller ration for the remaining three. Brother X sets up a world's record by drinking only as much water as condenses each night in the form of dew on a small sponge. And so on. We might be in the world whose activities are recorded on the sporting pages of evening papers.

It is worthy of remark that modern record-breakers have been ready to undergo almost greater hardships for the sake of money or, more often, of mere newspaper celebrity than the monks of the Thebaid underwent for the sake—nominally at any rate—of their religious principles. Contemporary professional fasters have beaten the ascetics hollow. And is there anything in Palladius to compare with the achievement of those American dancing-couples, who keep up their non-stop fox-trotting for days at a stretch?

St. Francis was something of a record-breaker. He was happy in that private consciousness of having done something uniquely arduous, which is the Alpine climber's reward for all his labors. When he had kissed the leper, he felt like the first man up the Aiguille Mummery. But the approval of his own conscience was not enough; Francis could never forget his desire to be "a great prince," to be acclaimed by all the world. He revelled in the publicity which his almsgiving and afterwards his church-repairing, his theatrical renunciation of his patrimony, his begging, and his ascetic practices brought him. He had not been able to make a success of knight errantry; but to suffer voluntarily was within his powers. He could achieve celebrity and break records in asceticism and self-abasement, and in nothing else. Hence his admiration for self-abasement and asceticism. Perfection, he told Brother Leo, is not in miracles, not in science, not in converting the heathen (he had achieved no success in any of these departments), but in being shut out by the porter in the wet and cold of a winter night, in suffering voluntarily. Particularly, he might have added, in public. His disciples were instructed to call him names and reproach him with his sins in the presence of the congregation. The record-breaking was to have a numerous audience. There are some people whose ruling passion is publicity. They will go to any length in order to be talked of. It is not uncommon to read in the American papers of adolescents who have committed burglaries, hold-ups, and even murders for the sake of "getting into the news." The motives which drive these youths to crime drove Francis to sanctity. Luckily for himself and perhaps also for the Western world, he had a fundamentally virtuous temperament.

But a virtuous temperament is a negative thing. Francis would never have fulfilled his yearnings for celebrity, would never have been canonized or even heard of, if he had been merely virtuous. He was also a man of power; there was a dæmon in him and he spoke as one having authority. To those who speak in that way men listen. "Such was the devotion in which he was held," writes Thomas of Spoleto, describing the Saint's visit to Bologna in 1220, "that men and women followed him in crowds and anyone who succeeded in touching the hem of his garment esteemed himself happy." Happy too must have esteemed himself the man whose youthful ambition it was to be "worshipped by the whole world." Success enhanced, if not the actual power that was in him, at any rate his sense of it.

* * *

This is how the littlest of the littler brothers addressed the future Gregory IX when, at the Chapter of 1218, that statesmanlike cleric suggested that Francis would do well to give more weight to the learned members of the community and should model his policy on that of the older monastic orders:

> The Lord has called me by the way of simplicity and humility. In them He has shown me the truth for me and for those who would believe and imitate me. So do not speak to me of the rule of St. Benedict, of St. Augustine, of St. Bernard, or any other, but only of that which God in His mercy has seen fit to reveal to me and of which He has told me that He meant, in it, to make a new pact with the world, and He does not wish that we should have any other. But through your learning and wisdom God will confound you. For the rest, I am confident that God will chastise you.

Such is Francis's "way of humility"! One likes him when he treads this way. For power, the native power of the individual spirit, is always admirable and beautiful, so long as it is not abused. There were occasions when Francis did abuse his power, when he seems to have employed it for the mere fun of feeling himself powerful and a "great prince"—as when, for example, he humiliated poor Masseo because he was so handsome and clever, or when, in Cyprus, on their way to Egypt, he compelled Brother Barbaro to eat a goblet of ass's dung for having spoken ill of a companion. These are instances of mere bullying, not at all worthy of a "great prince."

But for the most part Francis used his power more nobly. When he used it "agin the government," anarchically, or to bring down the pride, to puncture the fat complacency of the rich and learned, one can only delight in its manifestations. And how melancholy is the spectacle of poor Francis, at the end of his career, renouncing his power in the name of obedience to authority, betraying his dæmon of individual anarchy to the gross and beastly forces of organized society! He tried hard to persuade himself that he did right in giving in to the Church. "A man gives up all he has, a man loses his life" (Jesus had told his disciples that they must lose their lives if they would gain life) "when he places himself entirely in the hands of his superior and renders him obedience. And when the inferior sees things that would be better or more useful for his soul than those his superior commands him, let him make the sacrifice of his will to God." But in his heart he knew that all this, so far as he himself was concerned, was a sophistry and that he had done wrong to betray the dæmon in him. A man may eat dung voluntarily—for a bet, to break a record, or please his God, for the pleasure of asserting his will in the conquest of instinctive disgust—and not be defiled, not be outraged; may even feel himself strengthened and ennobled by doing so, may eat it with joy. It was with joy that Francis had kissed the leper's rotting hand. But Brother Barbaro had been commanded to eat the ass's dung; and now, in his turn, at the autumn Chapter of 1220, Francis was being treated as he had treated Barbaro. Reluctantly, against his will, he ate dirt. For him, the man of power, the man with a dæmon in him, it was an infamy. So long as it was a matter of obeying his own will, he found humility admirable. So long as he *wanted* to abase himself, he *liked* abasing himself. But to submit to other people's will against his own desires—that was a very different matter.*

* * *

To abase yourself on principle, because such is your will, to mortify your flesh and thwart your instincts in order to assert your conscious personality —is this humility? It sounds to me more like the will to power. But the self-abasement, the service? They are accidental, not essential. If Francis had made a success of his soldiering his will to power would have expressed itself in the violent domination of others. The assertion of the personal will is as much the essence of the saint's ascetic humility as it is of the Roman's dignity and pride. *Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor,* is a motto to which Francis might have made his own. It is a motto, indeed, which anyone might adopt; for it is an excellent motto. A man ought to strive to subdue things to himself—reckoning among "things" his own body and his own instincts and giving to his conscious will the name of "self." He ought—at any rate, for part of the time. But there are also occasions—and this is what the Franciscan, no less than the Roman, no less than the Samuel-Smilesian morality refuses to admit—when a man ought to permit himself to be subdued to things. There are occasions when it is right that he should sacrifice his will, his conscious desire to dominate exterior circumstances and the instinctive and passional forces of his own being; there are times when that which is divine in him, the Life, demands this sacrifice. The greatest sins, perhaps the only sins, are the sins against Life. Those who strive consistently to subdue things to themselves infallibly commit these sins. For among the "things" which they subdue are essential elements of their own living selves. They sacrifice the whole for that small part of their being which has intellectually formulated principles and a conscious will. To be humble and virtuous in the Franciscan style a man must deliberately and consistently subdue things to self. He must never forget to be spiritual; he must never relax his will; he must unremittingly

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* When Francis resigned his control of the order, what were his feelings? Sabatier says one thing, Goetz another. I follow Sabatier—partly because I think his version, psychologically, more probable, but chiefly (alas for Historical Truth!) because it makes a better story and fits in more aptly with what I wanted to say!

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by Aldous Huxley

eschew all passion and the things of the flesh. That is to say, he must sacrifice one-half of his being to the other. But is it not possible to imagine a better, because a less murderous virtue, a humility less suspiciously like the will to power? The saint and the stoic agree in being humble towards "themselves." But ought there not to be, at the same time, a compensating humility towards "things"?

For Francis such a humility would have seemed merely wicked. The Church might feel a little dubious about his doctrine, but not about his morality; he was orthodoxly holy. In Christendom none but heretics have inculcated humility to things. The Russian Khlyst, for example.

Grigory Rasputin, the sect's most recent and most remarkable saint, preached "salvation through sin." Human beings, he taught, must humble their spiritual pride before the "lower" elements of their natures, must yield themselves to circumstances and to the impulses, the feelings which circumstances evoke in them. Those who aspire to be consistently "good" and "spiritual," those whose ambition it is to lead, at all times, and according to fixed principles, the consciously willed "higher life," are possessed by a Luciferian pride; for they are striving, in their hybristic insolence, to be more than human. But Christianity enjoins humility. Let the spirit, therefore, abase itself before the flesh, the will before the impulsions of instinct, the intellect before the passions. To abandon oneself to sin is the truest humility. And when one has sinned one must repent. For repentance is pleasing to God and without repentance is no salvation. But without sin there can be no repentance. Therefore. . . . The conclusion is obvious. Desiring salvation, Rasputin practised what he preached and sinned—most conspicuously, as was the custom of the Khlysty, in relation to the seventh commandment.

At the beginning of his career, he seems to have sinned in a not unpleasingly Panic and Arcadian manner. But later, when he had exchanged the country for the town and had become the most influential man in Russia, the primitive candor evaporated and from innocent his sinning became civilizedly sophisticated and, if we can believe the stories told of him, sordid and rather dirty. A great many of these stories are obviously such lies as always crystallize round the name of any extraordinary man after it has remained long enough soaking in the malodorous imagination of the respectable bourgeoisie. But, after making all necessary discounts, there is, I think, good evidence that the Staretz degenerated in proportion as he achieved success. To the pastoral orgies of his youth his later urban misbehaviors stand in much the same relation as an eighteenth-century Black Mass or fashionable Witches' Sabbath to the old pre-Christian fertility cult, of which mediæval witchcraft was the steadily degenerating, the more and more self-consciously wicked survival.

You may disapprove of Rasputin personally. (And after reading Fülöp-Miller's impartial and tolerably well documented biography, it is difficult to disapprove very violently.) The Staretz turns out to have been, on the whole, a sympathetic character. At any rate, one cannot fail to like and admire him a million times more than any of the aristocratic rogues, fools, weaklings, and neurasthenics, in the midst of whom he accomplished his extraordinary destiny. At least Rasputin was a man. A man of power, moreover. A man with a dæmon in his belly. (And dæmons are always admirable.) Anyhow, whatever may be your disapproval of Grigory the man, Grigory the moral philosopher is a personage who must be taken seriously. For he propounds an alternative to the Christian ethic; he preaches a moral heresy which it is difficult, if one has any sense of psychological realities, not to prefer, in many respects, to the moral orthodoxy of Christendom and contemporary Businessdom.

That the Khlysty were *Christian* heretics is unfortunate. For it meant that all their thinking was unnecessarily done in terms of the orthodoxy from which they differed. Thus, they assumed as an axiom the absurd Christian dualism of mind and matter, wicked flesh and good spirit. Their ritual, which should have been joyously and spontaneously dionysiac, was liable, in consequence, to degenerate into a self-consciously naughty misbehavior. They talked of life and religion, they lived the one and performed the ritual actions of the other, in terms of sin and repentance and posthumous salvation. The significance of their teaching is in this way largely obscured. We should, however, try to separate the substance of the doctrine from its unfortunately Christian form. That substance can be expressed in the Latin poet's hexameter, slightly modified for the occasion. *Et mihi res, Et me rebus subjungere conor.* I strive to subdue things to myself and also, when occasion demands, myself to things. Such is Grigory's humility.

It is unnecessary for me to enumerate all the advantages of occasionally subjugating the consciously willing self to "things"—or, in other words, to outside circumstances and the immediate reactions to those circumstances of the instinctive and passional side of the personality. We are born with a nature composed of certain elements. If we refuse to admit the right of some of these elements to exist, if we try to suppress them, they will first rebel and then, if we are successful in our essays at murder, will atrophy and decay, setting up a kind of spiritual blood-poisoning. A system of morality that results in blood-poisoning and even idealizes the state of chronic blood-poisoning as the perfect life, is surely not the best that human ingenuity can devise. We are justified in preferring the morality which teaches the subjugation of the self to things as well as of things to the self and which in this way, guarantees not only social efficiency (for good citizenship is almost entirely a matter of subduing things to self), but also completeness and health of individual life.

La Fontaine has summed up the whole matter in one of the best of his fables—that of the two philosophical gardeners, the Greek and the Scythian.

> The Greek prunes his trees for their good.
>
> J'ôte le superflu, dit l'autre; et, l'abbattant,
> Le reste en profite autant.

The Scythian returns to his *triste demeure* and sets himself to imitate his colleague. With what excess of zeal!

> Il ôte de chez lui les branches les plus belles
> Il tronque son verger contre tout raison. . .
> Tout languit et tout meurt.
> Ce Scythe exprime bien
> Un indiscret stoicien:
> Celui-ci retranche de l'âme
> Désirs et passions, le bon et le mauvais,
> Jusqu'aux plus innocents souhaits
> Contre de telles gens, quant à moi, je réclame.
> Ils ôtent à nos coeurs le principal ressort;
> Ills font cesser de vivre avant que l'on soit mort.

And by condemning us to a living death, he might have added, they condemn us also to a premature decay. Mortification of the flesh, in the religious sense of the term, results in a mortification of the soul that is only too distressingly medical—in a spiritual gangrene, a putrefaction, a stink.

The Khlysty principles have a more than merely ethical application. They are also of significance for the artist, both for the artist in life and for the professional creator. No man can live—richly and harmoniously live—no man can beautifully create, who does not sometimes subdue himself to things—to the unknown modes of being of the external world and of his own unconsciousness. Modern "nature worship" springs from a recognition of this fact. "Come forth," said Wordsworth,

> Come forth, and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives.

If he had always acted on his own advice, instead of coming forth with a heart full of Anglicanism and middle-class respectability, he would have been a better poet.

* * *

Nature worship is a modern, artificial, and somewhat precarious invention of refined minds. Admirable, but somehow, in too many instances, rather ridiculous in being so refined, so rootlessly high-class. In the woods of Dorking Meredith has the air of a whiskered Marie Antoinette, playing at being a shepherdess. The Greeks were not Wordsworthians or Meredithians; they never went for walking tours nor wasted their energies unnecessarily climbing to the tops of mountains. Nevertheless their religion kept them more intimately in touch with the alien world of external things and the (to the conscious will and intellect) hardly less alien inner world of instinctive and passional reactions to things, than all the high-class nature worship of the modern could have done. Their ritual put them into a direct physical and emotional relationship with the forces of nature—forces which their mythology had represented anthropomorphically, indeed, but in the likeness of man the darkly passionate and desirous being as well as in that of man the conscious, the spiritual, the intellectual. The modern nature worshipper's God is apt to be visualized too exclusively as *homo sapiens*—and *sapiens* to the *n*th degree.

St. Francis is often hailed as the first nature worshipper to appear in Europe since the time of the Greeks. It is a claim which the facts do not make good. Mediæval Europe was full of genuine nature fervor and charity. Here is the anecdote, a little abridged, of Brother Juniper, of whom St. Francis said, "He would be a good Brother Minor, who had conquered himself and the world like Brother Juniper."

"On a time at St. Mary of the Angeles, when all afire with the love of God, he was visiting a sick brother, he asked him, with much compassion, 'Can I do thee any service?' Replied the sick man, 'Much comfort would it give me, if thou couldst give me a pig's trotter to eat.' 'Straightway,' cried Brother Juniper, 'Leave that to me; I'll fetch thee one at once.' So he went and took a knife and, in fervor of spirit, ran through the wood, where divers pigs were feeding, threw himself on one of them, cut off its foot and ran away, leaving the pig with feet so maimed; and he washed and dressed and cooked the foot . . . . and brought it to the sick man with much charity. And the sick man ate it up right greedily, to the great comfort and delight of Brother Juniper; who, with great glee, for to glad the heart of this man, told him of the assault he had made on the pig. Meanwhile the swineherd had gone to tell his master *his* version of Brother Juniper's exploit; who, when he had heard it, came in a great rage to the house of the Brothers and 'called them hypocrites, thieves, and liars, and rogues and knaves, saying, 'Why have ye cut off the foot of my pig?' St. Francis 'with all humility made excuses' and 'promised to restore all that he had lost.' But for all that he was not appeased, but went away full of anger. St. Francis said within his heart, 'Can Brother Juniper have done this thing, in zeal too indiscreet?' Accordingly he questioned Juniper who, 'not as one that had made a fault, but as one that seemed to himself to have done an act of great charity, all gladly answered and said: 'Sweet my Father, it is true that I cut off a foot from the said pig. . . . And bearing in mind the consolation our sick brother felt, and the comfort that the said foot brought

(*Continued on page* 300)

As is well known, Aldous Huxley, distinguished son of a distinguished father, is a critic and essayist as well as novelist. Among his works are "Chrome Yellow," "On the Margin," "Antic Hay," "These Barren Leaves," "Jesting Pilate," and "Point Counter Point," all of them published by Doubleday, Doran.

Mr. Huxley's passionate interest in his thesis drove him on to lengths that far outran the space designed for his article, but since the development of his contentions seemed to us of much interest we have continued it beyond the section intended for it.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

LOOKING over our shelves this week we discover a number of veteran American poets coming before us again with new volumes. Four women poets, particularly, are noticeable. These are Anna Hempstead Branch, Grace Hazard Conkling, Eunice Tietjens, and Marjorie Allen Seiffert. In the same season, among the men of our own generation, Witter Bynner, always an assiduous follower of the Muse, puts forth two books, his own "Indian Earth," dedicated to D. H. Lawrence and the fruit of his sojourn in New Mexico, and his three hundred poems of the T'ang Dynasty in China, translated in collaboration with the Chinese scholar Kiang Kang-Hu, a most important work in Chinese literature made available for the English reader. It is entitled "The Jade Mountain." Both these latter books are most attractively presented by Alfred A. Knopf. We have waited long for "The Jade Mountain." It is furnished with introductions by both editors. It comes up to our expectations.

In regard to the women poets of whom we have spoken it seems to us that the most notable increase of power has lately come to Marjorie Allen Seiffert, whose "The King with Three Faces" has recently appeared from Scribner's. Nor do we mean that the work of Miss Branch in "Sonnets from a Lock-Box (Houghton Mifflin) has not her usual strange distinction, or that Grace Hazard Conkling's "Witch" and Eunice Tietjen's "Leaves in Windy Weather," both from Knopf, do not assert their own particular merits. Indeed, when one considers how long most of these women poets have been writing one is astonished to discover no perceptible diminution in their energy. Miss Branch, of course, has not given us a volume for a number of years. Among the new things she has to offer is one particularly fey and haunting poem, "Magic Wood!" If it is not her very best, it is such an eerily mystical strain as only she can wrest from the singing reeds. Both Eunice Tietjens and Mrs. Conkling are still writing to a certain extent out of memories of travel as well as from intimate experience. Mrs. Tietjen's love for the Orient is, of course, well known, as is Mrs. Conkling's penchant for Mexico. In her present book, however, the associate editor of *Poetry*, a Magazine of Verse, impresses us chiefly with "The Man Who Loved Mary," and "Neanderthal," two narratives, and Mrs. Conkling with poems of Porto Rico, Mallorca, and in praise of the dancer, La Argentina, though it is her celebration of her beloved witch that she chooses to dominate the book. We cannot resist quoting her "Envoy" to this, as it seems to us rarely successful:

Now forget her ways
And how I found her
Through the white moon-haze
Trembling round her.

Forget all you heard.
She was not human.
She was a wild bird,
Not a woman.

Forget all the snares
Of her sweetness.
There is no one shares
Her completeness.

There is no one knows
Where she is faring.
No one to suppose
She is caring.

Mrs. Seiffert handles well the curt line over which Elinor Wylie possessed absolute mastery. Turn to "Iron Fare," and "The Crickets," and the wholly delightful play for toys, "Noah's Ark," in "The King with Three Faces." The title-poem of the book, however, and some of the briefer lyrics exhibit a flexibility of expression, a gift for improvising a new vehicle for the story she has to tell or the mood she is describing, that, although distinctly in the line of tradition, lends refreshing forthrightness to Mrs. Seiffert's best poems. "The King with Three Faces" teases us because we suspect allegory and are yet at a loss to fit it together. The truth is, probably, that this narrative poem was written merely for the story, for the dramatic contrasts and the strange atmosphere. Naturally, however, it has also psychological value. The most characteristic thing about Mrs. Seiffert is her dressing intimate experiences of her own in fantastic disguises and making of them such bizarre fables as this or such mordant ballads as that of Rad and Beeling in her former book. This is her peculiar contribution to contemporary poetry, and a fascinating one; though she can also comment upon life and love with directness, pungency, and force.

Two of the younger women who have been acquiring poetic reputations of late are Hildegarde Flanner and Helene Mullins. Miss Mullins's danger is too great a facility, and her poems, somehow, slip off our mind, though we admit the range and variety of her themes. Miss Flanner, on the other hand, occasionally rises to brilliant exactitude of phrase. Her "Dark Milton," her brief poem "Vision," the first sonnet of "Prayer" are rare and beautiful things. One cannot easily forget a verse such as this:

Archangels with high foreheads and bright thighs
Pause and glimmer near me in the night.
They flare upon their quiet feet and sway
Terrible and tranquil to my sight.

And her poem "Moment" seems to us perfectly arrested:

I saw a young deer standing
Among the languid ferns.
Suddenly he ran—
And his going was absolute,
Like the shattering of icicles
In the wind.

These excerpts, however, do not really convey the extent of the impression her rather mystical singing has made upon us. Her danger is to be merely pretty, sweetly rather trivial; which is not the case, however, when her religious inspiration really seizes her or in a lyric as stripped and forthright as "Interval," which has the effect of the most moving folk-poetry.

In "Hovering Shadow" Elizabeth Hollister Frost achieves her second volume. Her first was "The Lost Lyrist," being chiefly poems in memory of her husband. The background of her new volume is Nantucket, and she sets the place and the people before us with charm and vivacity. Mrs. Mayhew, Mrs. Dean, Mad Willie, Beauty Dell are some of the accessories. In "Tying the Thorn" she actually espies "Thomas Hardy on a cloud"!

Scudding right above my head!
And I dropped the prickly tree
And I cried, "You always said
You would show eternity!"

The poem as a fantasy is, however, one of her most charming. And, indeed, there is something germane to the poetry of Hardy in Mrs. Frost's meditation upon village people and village episodes,—not, certainly, in her style. As an example of her material, rooted in memories of one place, perhaps "Hare and Hounds" may best serve:

We played at Hare and Hounds. Like a fresh squall
We rushed down Pleasant Street. Set ringing all
Of Miss King's Canterbury bells, as over them
We vaulted by the fence. Not one blue hem
Or pink one touched! And we were out and over
In Larry's paddock, where he grew sweet clover,
To Silver Street. Then Lisa all at once ran wild,
She fled in her pink frock like a mad child
And cried to us aloud, "Not there! Not there!"
And darted back, her straight, light golden hair
Streaming out flat. We thought she'd seen a witch!
But we were wrong. (She'd watched a giant stitch
Taken by Time. A grief soon to be hers
Had leered at her across three junipers.)

The chief interest in the volume is in such moments observed or intuitionally described in the lives of those about the author. "The Red Dress," for instance, apparently a servant's moment of observation when going for "Madam's scarf," with the words put into her mouth, is shrewd commentary. Mrs. Frost makes some play with colloquial expressions and subtends a short appendix, a glossary, at the end of her book. In general we can say of "Hovering Shadow" that it is quite attractive and salted with experience. We think that Mrs. Frost's work is gaining in individual force.

Recommended:

THE JADE MOUNTAIN. A Chinese Anthology. By WITTER BYNNER and KIANG KANG-HU. Knopf.

HIGH FALCON and Other Poems. By LEONIE ADAMS. John Day Company.

THE TROPHIES, with Other Sonnets. By JOSE-MARIA DE HEREDIA. Translated by JOHN MYERS O'HARA and JOHN HERVEY. John Day Company.

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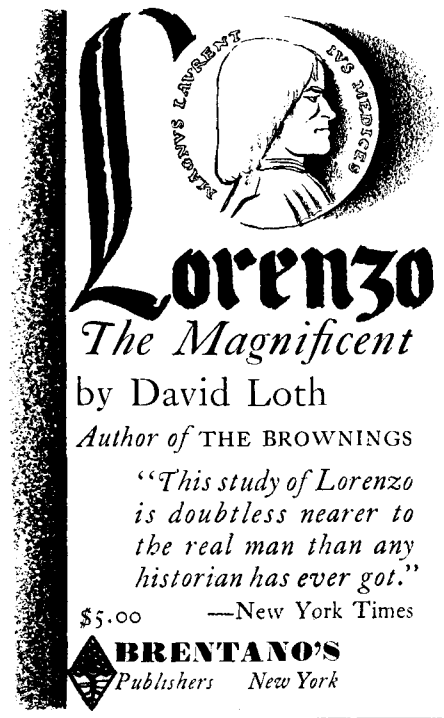

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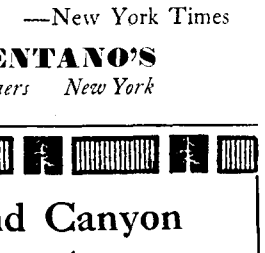

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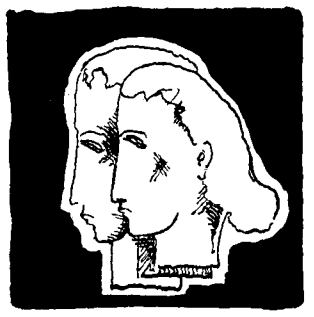

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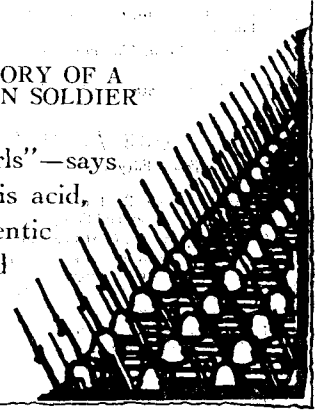

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Foreign Literature

Karel van de Woestijne

Reviewed by H. R. HAYS

THE death of Karel van de Woestijne means a great loss to Flemish poetry. Easily the greatest lyricist that Flanders has produced in recent years, he was also a leader in his literary group. A citizen of Ghent, he was born in 1878 and while still very young became associated with the review *Today and Tomorrow* which brought about the great renaissance in Flemish letters. He was also one of the editors of *Vlanders* which succeeded it. He died on August 24 at the age of fifty-one.

He has been called the Mallarmé of Flanders because his verse is at times difficult to understand. This is only partially apt, for while some of his writing is obscure, his art is essentially simple. It has the sad grandeur of soft organ music. One trait he shares with the French symbolists, that of intense individuality. He makes no compromise with his audience but is concerned with the most delicate overtones of his inner life. And, moreover, he deals with a region which is halfway between thought and feeling where poetic expression is a kind of groping after hidden truth.

The result of this tendency as in many other moderns of the introspective school is an extremely personal language. Woestijne is inclined to disregard the exigencies of grammar when it hampers him and he pays no heed at all to consistency of imagery. He achieves his effects by an interlacing of images and broken sensations, at the same time preserving a unified mood. Impressionistic is the best word with which to describe his method. "A Song of Fever" (translated by Jetro Bithell) is typical. The translation does not show the sonorous rhyme of the original.

It is so sad, this raining in the autumn,
This beautiful rain in the autumn out of doors;
—How heavy all the flowers are in the autumn
—And the old rain running along the panes. . .

Grey in the greyness stand the trees and sway,
The trees that are shivering so and rustling tears;
—And it is the wind that has so droll a way
Of singing and sighing in the crown of the trees. . .

Now I am waiting for the shuffling tread,
I am waiting for the ancient image of peace,
Old, good grey mother comfort, round the warm bed
Where the warm fever is dreaming it is light,
And the thick trees burst thru their weight of lead. . .

—It is so sad I must be wretched now
—It is so sad, this raining in the autumn.

This is his charactertistic mood. Delicate physically, and almost morbidly sensitive and refined, his verses reflect an eternal weariness and a brooding melancholy. He was always obsessed with the idea of death which carried him away in his prime and even the intensity of the perception of beauty was for him a painful sensation. This was not a pose, it was an intrinsic quality of his work, the natural result of nerves so nicely adjusted to the finest flickers of feeling that any great emotional disturbance was bound to be destructive. Woestijne is only a symbolist in the sense that simple images and sensations are endowed by the richness of his personality and the warmth of his emotions with a deeper significance. Although highly cultivated, he turned from sophistication to a consciously naïve point of view. He wished to achieve the emotional directness of a child yet there was another side to his talent. At times he was stirred to a langorous passion, a mystic sensuality that is essentially Flemish, as in the following:

All honey is my mouth
And soft beneath
The greedy kisses
Of your cruel teeth.

In your clear eyes what green
In glinting gleams
I am mirrored there, far
And strange as in dreams.

I hold my limbs as though
In shrinking shame,
Your breath burns my neck
Like a fierce flame.

As these fires of spring
That thru me go,
Under your shining face
I tremble so.

I feel so strange, so strange,
And nigh to swoon,
Like sweet wine is your voice
That begs the boon.

So Strange! That was to Karel van de Woestijne. His five senses, color, light, sound, the shapes of trees, the touch of his son's hand, a harmonica in the rain were endowed with a poetic mystery for him which he spent fifty years trying to decipher. "The Father's House" and "The Orchard of Birds and Fruits" contain his best verse. He published besides, a study of primitive Flemish painters, a volume or two of prose sketches which possessed the same qualities as his verse, and a novel written in collaboration with Herman Teirlinck.

Musical Memoirs

FELIX WEINGARTNER'S LEBENSERINNERUNGEN. Leipzig: Orell Fuessli. 1929.

MR. WEINGARTNER'S Autobiography proves that he is not only a fine musician, but also a most charming writer. The first volume portrays the early struggles of a gifted child who grew up hampered by dire circumstances. With remarkable spirit he again and again showed strength to resist the prejudice of his family, who, in the true bourgeois spirit of the old Austrian régime, regarded it as impossible that their son should choose the profession of a musician, a profession in their opinion neither profitable nor honorary. The strong personality evidenced in early youth won him the esteem and friendship of his teacher, Dr. Mayer (Remy); indeed throughout his life one is touched by his ability to cultivate friends. Among those he made and of whom he writes is Liszt, and one wishes that he might never stop in his reminiscences of this genius, then already in the decline of life, and always surrounded by a group of young and ardent admirers. Most interesting, too, was Weingartner's meeting with Wagner, and his description of Bayreuth. The first volume of these memoirs closes when he reaches the age of about thirty.

The second volume begins with his engagement as a conductor at the Berlin Opera House, and ends when he went to Basel. Between lies the eternal struggle of the man and the artist. How much idealism, strength, courage, and self-confidence did he not possess, to have been able to face all the intrigues and pitfalls from which he always emerged as the creative artist!

We accompany him on his trips to America, England, France, Italy, and Russia, of which countries he gives us vivid descriptions, together with an interesting picture of their artistic life.

Weingartner possesses the born writer's rare gift of expressing himself naturally and fluently. His memoirs chronicle not only his development as an artist, but also gives us an idea of the musical culture of Germany around the end of the century. Almost all the great composers, conductors, and singers of the time appear before us. With him, we live through most exciting "first nights" and famous concerts of past days, and we are given many delightful glimpses behind the curtains. We meet well-known celebrities, like Brahms, Bruckner, Joachim, Mahler, Nikisch, Eugen d'Albert, and many others.

The turning point in Weingartner's life was his meeting with Lucille Marcel who became his wife. In the most charming way he chronicles his romance with her, and the few years of perfect companionship allowed them before her early death. But it is hardly possible briefly to summarize his abundant reminiscences. His memoir is valuable not only to music lovers, but also to those who enjoy intimate glimpses of the history of the times. His style of writing is lively and fluent, and holds us captive to the last moment.

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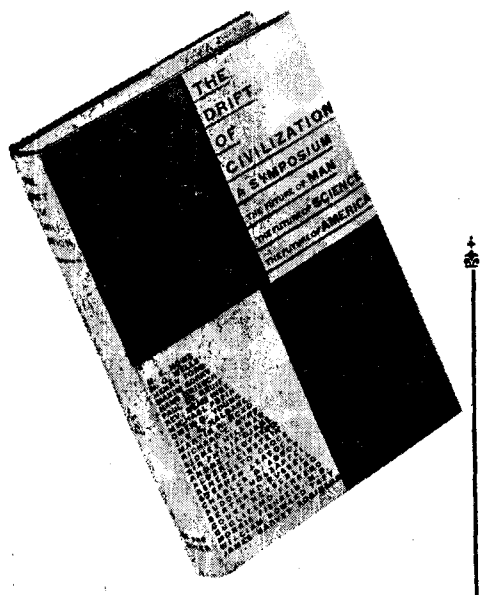

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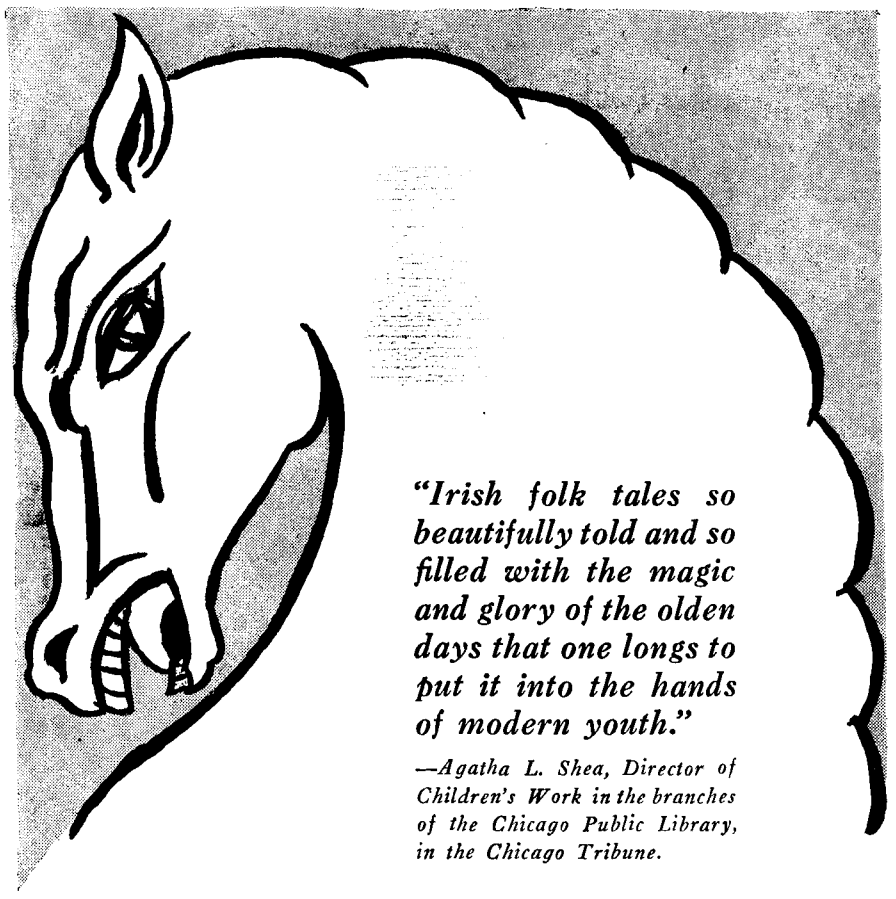
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Points of View

Differing with Dimnet

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

There is a tendency on the part of many writers of the present day to sneer cynically at the technique of labor operation in this age as compared with the "good old times." Even Dimnet says: "Millions are oppressed by manual work, either because there is too much of it, *or because the life of it has been taken out of it by standardization.*" Well now, in most parts of the world there is a considerable unemployment problem, indicating that instead of there being too much work there is too little of it. Presumably Dimnet means by "standardization" the use of machines and the perfection of operation to a standard of processing. Dimnet would probably prefer the labor of the galley-slaves where human muscle in sweat and torture supplied the energy to perform the given work. He probably regards more highly the building of the Egyptian pyramids with the thousands and thousands of toiling slaves pulling and tugging and lifting the enormous blocks of stone into position, than he does the erection of a modern skyscraper with all its fabricated parts and its efficient lifting and drilling and riveting machines taking the gruelling burden off the human being. But ask the man who actually does the labor which condition of affairs he would prefer! There would no doubt be a slight difference of opinion from that of Mr. Dimnet. The Egyptian slaves certainly put more of "themselves" into the pyramids, for rumor has it that tens of thousands of them were killed or died in the building of them. A modern engineering firm could build these pyramids without the loss of a single life, and the laborer would have a far more interesting time of it. Those idealists who are continually preaching about the "life being taken out of labor" by our modern ways of doing things should be put through the travail of doing the same things by the methods of a thousand years ago. They would probably revise their opinions.

Dimnet doubtless looks with the same cynical scorn on the automobile. A thousand years ago the laborer may have walked ten miles to his morning job that started at 5 a. m., and all his life he could not get more than twenty miles away from where he was born. But what rich associations would he develop in his birthplace, where his ancestors before him had lived for hundreds of years! Yes, the laborer in the old days "thought more highly of his work" for the simple reason he had nothing else to think about. No wonder they were louty oafs and stupid morons, with no opportunity to learn anything, working in hopeless drudgery for twelve to fourteen hours a day, with nothing to do at the end of their labor but to eat a skimpy and uninteresting meal and then go to sleep in a bed of haysack or on a hard bare board. Yes, the laborer of old certainly put lots of himself into his work; in fact he usually put "all" of himself into it, and got little or nothing out of it but hard blows and little or no pay. And yet some sentimentalists mourn over the "dear departed days," and like our well-known Hindu ascetic would go back to the dreary, inefficient methods of past ages. It has only been within rather recent times that labor has been "released" from its soul-wracking drudgery to a condition in which it can enjoy at least a few of the worthwhile things of life and know what happiness and hope and attainment are like.

Let me suggest another foolish idea that is quite prevalent. It is that "wealth is injurious to art." In an impoverished community there would be no art, for there would be no one capable of buying its product, and the artist would soon get tired of making artistic things for his own edification. Art has to be patronized and often directly subsidized by wealth in order to develop and flourish. Furthermore, there has to be a background of well-being in the community to supply an audience that has the ability and capacity to appreciate the art. The poverty stricken slums don't do very much in the way of encouraging the artist except to furnish him with sentimental subjects for presentation or an agreeable *milieu* familiarly known as "local color." But poor people don't buy many pictures or statues or even books, and they exhibit well developed inhibitions towards visiting art galleries and museums, though the latter are supplied liberally by "wealth" in order that the poor may be enabled to enjoy the great things of art. It is also to be noticed that the successful artist is usually rather well-to-do; in fact, in many cases quite wealthy, and his art does not seem to suffer, for by having wealth the artist has so much more opportunity to develop his art. Of course, there are some "artists" who may go to pieces if they acquire wealth, for they soon give up their art, or their intense devotion to it, and go in for doing other things, because they would rather do these things than practise their art. In other words, such artists have no real love for their art at all, and only practise it in order to get the wherewithal to do something they much prefer, such as gambling, boozing, or lady-chasing. These artists of course are "ruined" by wealth, but they must be of a very mediocre quality for no man can be a great artist who does not love his art with an absorbing passion, and he would be obsessed by it whether he be rich or poor.

Dimnet also voices the cliché that our moralists continually harp on, which is that the rich are slaves and drudges. Personally I am not in a position to be closely intimate with many very rich people, though I know a sufficient number of them to be aware of the fact that this is not the case at all. All the rich people I have come in contact with seem to have plenty of leisure to do what they most want to do. Many of them want to be active in business affairs—that is why they are rich; many want to indulge this, that, or the other hobby, and they are enabled to do so through their riches. I have always found that wealth is a liberation from the slavery and drudgery of necessitous poverty, from the necessity of getting up at a fixed and early hour so as to be on the "job" at the proper time. When the laborer wants to do anything outside of the routine of his employment he has humbly to ask the "boss" for time off. But the man of wealth is his own boss; he is not a slave to the clock nor to the superintendent; he can come and go as he wants; he can do the things that he most wants to do, whereas the poor man is hemmed around by prison walls consisting of things that he "has" to do in order even to maintain his existence.

The reason for these mistaken ideas on the part of so many writers is that they have the belief that a rich man should never want to do anything, but should idle around and indulge in luxury and in things that we call by the general but rather indefinite title of "dissipation." Those of us who have known poverty and then have attained to even a modicum of wealth will know well enough in what field lie the drudgery and the slavery. Dimnet acknowledges that

(*Continued on page* 302)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

A SOLITARY PARADE. By FREDERICK H. HACKENBURG. Thistle Press. 1929. $3.

The autobiography of a Central-European emigrant who came to this country twenty-five years ago, a poor and friendless boy of sixteen, and rose to prominence in the New York State Democratic Party, this book is an unusually interesting human document. Largely self-educated, the author qualified for the bar, but soon after so favorably impressed his fitness for public office upon Tammany leaders that in 1920 he was nominated candidate for the state legislature from the fourteenth New York Assembly District. Following his election he filled that office with distinction for seven successive years, a leader of the minority at Albany, the sponsor of many progressive measures for improved regulation of divorce, labor, censorship laws, a redoubtable die-hard who became known as the champion of lost causes on Capitol Hill. Though again offered candidacy for the Assembly in 1927, he did not choose to run, terminating his political career because of the conviction that the game was not fit for an honest, unselfish, courageous man to follow. He presents a candid, condemnatory picture of state and city government methods and representatives, the truth of which, though disturbing and unpalatable, may not be easily refuted.

Fiction

THE SHADOW, AND OTHER STORIES. By JEFFERY FARNOL. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Farnol's favorite time and scene, early nineteenth century England, provide the settings and characters in most of these seventeen short stories, the first collection of this kind he has yet published. As to material for his plots, he seems to rely generally upon such venerable standbys as the faithful lover, long years thought dead, returning home to claim his waiting loved one, and upon simple variations of themes equally familiar. The method of telling certain of the tales, however, through approaching the climax by passages of revealing dialogue which compactly sum up the past and a minimum use of description, gives them a dramatic effectiveness above the rest. The style, as in the author's many costume romances, is stately, glamorous, picturesque, and it is clearly evident that in the novel form his craftsmanship shows to greater advantage than in the medium he has here essayed.

THE TORCH AND OTHER TALES. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Macmillan. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Phillpotts has provided an oasis for those people who have become fevered with modern trends in literature. His volume of short stories comes as a relief from the arid atmosphere of sophistication by showing how the constants in human nature function in simple lives and situations. The people of Devon, with whose trials and tribulations he deals so sympathetically, are no more dramatic or sensational than can be found in any small community. The elements of love, jealousy, avarice, etc. never rise to stupendous heights in them, but such disturbing factors are faced by these primitive folks with a naïve directness which is delightful. They are the sort of people who would be unembarrassed to dry winter flannels before the fireplace or to pare their fingernails in public with a pocketknife. Mr. Phillpotts has not woven any plot into the incidents of these lives, but has interpreted them just as they are—as pathetic, humorous, and abounding with human interest; and the little philosophizing scattered here and there is of a common-sense nature, directly on a level with the sane outlook of his characters.

These are truly "short and simple annals of the poor," and they bring to mind their other champion, Hall Caine. Not a little of the charm of the stories is due to the colloquial idiom in which they are related—not forced but as felicitous as if one of the old gossips himself were telling you about his neighbors. The total effect is one of richness and warmth; Mr. Phillpotts's heart seems to be in this work as well as his understanding and admirable technique. The volume may well be recommended to the jaded reader who is impatient with sleek young men and girls who seem to have a genius for messing up their lives or with middle-aged business men trying to repair the ravages of their love-starved souls. Freudian complexes have no place in his people or work. His book is not modern, not exciting, and not important, but it is as soothing and pleasant as a cool draught of water from the old oaken bucket itself.

THE OUTSIDER. By MAURICE SAMUEL. Stratford. 1929. $2.50.

Here is a minority report on the American expatriates in Paris. Mr. Samuel makes them out to be rather mean, commonplace men and women, nearly bankrupt spiritually and morally, and thoroughly unhappy. The protagonist of "The Outsider," one Mortimer Long, is quite unattractive; he has little intelligence and less backbone. First slipping, then falling, he descends the social ladder. He finds himself peddling cheap paintings to Americans in hotel lobbies, hawking newspapers on the street, and finally in degradation selling opium to his unsavory fellow-countrymen. The novel seems to be Mr. Samuel's protest against the literary glorification of the American expatriate—against the glamour given to Paris by Hemingway, Huddleston, *et al.*—against the conventional notion of Paris as the bright home of wine and women. If it is in truth so intended, it fails of complete persuasiveness. It is too narrow, too blind to the other side.

"The Outsider" is injudicious in its use of material, ingenuous in approach to its problem. Only the last third of the narrative is worth reading; there Mr. Samuel gets down to brass tacks and gives us a genuinely tragic situation. He also does some good work in describing the city from several unusual points of view. But why did Mortimer have to be made such a complete nitwit in his love affair? He loses our sympathy, and that loss is bad for the novel. The last chapter is not satisfactory, but, nevertheless, under the influence of a hundred pages of pretty good writing, we feel that Mr. Samuel has a definite, though as yet unsure, talent.

MONEY FOR LOVE. By JOSEPHINE HERBST. Coward-McCann. 1929.

In this novel Josephine Herbst has given us a picture of defeatism in life, and in the philosophy of life, that is neither very striking nor very dramatic. The limitations of her novel reside more in the nature of its execution. Certainly no one can quarrel with the realism of her material. If anything, it is too realistic; its material is so drab that it practically never grips the attention of the reader at all. The characters which Miss Herbst has chosen, and the situations into which she has thrust them, are so realistic that they are almost commonplace, and so obvious that they are without either charm or distinction. They are all placed, one in this way, one in that, in the more or less familiar if tragic plight of our money-ridden world, and yet in no instance does this plight ever move the reader beyond the mere curiosity of conclusion. While Harriet Everist is delineated with an unquestioned fidelity for fact, and is in general a character that is convincing in the part that she plays, she remains to the very end a two-dimensional creation. One sees her move, and hears her talk, but never "feels" her live. This is the same criticism that one must make of the other characters in the novel. And one does demand even of realistic fiction something that is more than faithful representation in black and white of the outward movement of characters and their attempts to solve their respective situations.

THE TRAIL EATER. By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY. Putnam. 1929. $2.

Miss Willoughby, a native of Alaska, has here essayed to write a story of the annual Sweepstakes dog-sled racing classic, that heart-breaking contest held yearly at Nome which, with its prize of $20,000 for the winning driver, arouses the inhabitants to frenzies of sporting enthusiasm. For men and beasts to survive such an ordeal seems to be a test of fortitude and endurance unparalleled by any other out-door competition of our time. The course of this Arctic epic is four hundred miles from take-off to finish, and the victor in this particular year is Kerry, derisively known as "The Trail Eater." The closing hundred and fifty pages of the story, which deal solely with the progress of the race, are intensely vivid and exciting, but might have been even better had the two hundred and fifty pages of Frozen North melodrama preceding them undergone drastic pruning.

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The New Books

LONE TREE. By HARRY LEON WILSON. Cosmopolitan. 1929. $2.50.

This latest tale by Harry Leon Wilson has the crude emphasis of a comic strip. The novel as a whole is better than that comparison would perhaps indicate, but nevertheless the characters are so definitely stock types that they never seem at all real. The central character, Ben Carcross, is the big-hearted, crotchety, waggish Westerner; his wife and daughters are crass, new-rich vulgarians, fresh from doing the proper things in Europe; Miss Ellis, the wise-cracking nurse, finds a great love in the wide open spaces; and Dr. Abercrombie is the polysyllabic professor of proletarian imagination. All these are standardized, hastily drawn figures. The plot, too, is highly elementary. But undeniably there is humor and occasional intelligence in the novel; incidents here and there are catchily amusing. Though "Lone Tree" may please a good many who like their fiction quick and easy, Mr. Wilson certainly could have done a much better job if he had felt so inclined.

ADIÓS! By LANIER BARTLETT and VIRGINIA STIVERS BARTLETT. Morrow. 1929. $2.50.

Novels often teach us history agreeably: they give definite pleasure and impress us with facts not easily forgotten. Probably the authors of "Adiós!" a romantic and adventurous novel, did not intend to teach, but rather to amuse. However that may be, their novel is more valuable than if it were merely diverting. The setting is California in the noisy, racy, disorderly 'fifties. The conflict that makes for a dramatic narrative is between the invading Americans from the East and the Spanish settlers of long standing who resent the new people, new methods, new ideas. The younger Spaniards, especially, are irritated by the "gringo" infiltration. We are thoroughly in sympathy with young Delfino, a hot blood who deserts his ancestral ranch and takes to the hills, where as El Puma, the daring bandit, he soon gets a price on his head. Through this action there is woven a pleasing thread or two of love, as well as a fresh, cool humor that is not entirely expected in this type of novel. The story ends well. All in all, "Adiós!" is good historical romance.

COUCOU. By EVELYN PEMBER. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.

Most of the guests at the Grand Hotel de Provence called her "Coucou," for the name, though not her own, seemed somehow to fit. A bright and ebullient personality, she was loved and admired by these repressed and cobwebbed souls for being all they wished to be but dared not be. Then Coucou's tragedy came, and each one who knew her found in it a painful sort of sublimation for his own dull life. All this is really only a very thin little story for a full length novel, but yet Miss Pember's intention to make it significant is understood and respected. The connotation of the novel is very strong. Between the lines we sense the passionate creed: "Better a joyous life than a safe one."

This novel is Miss Pember's first. We believe it to be a sort of mental and spiritual stock-taking for her. She shows herself to be a typical young intellectual of the post-flapper period—hard, disillusioned, intolerant of ignorance and pretense. The novel is interesting as a perhaps unintentional revelation of a widespread attitude toward life. As an example of the art of fiction, it is respectable but nondescript.

CRESCENDO. By ETHEL MANNAN. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

This turgid and too lengthy tale seems to have a serious purpose, and would have been better off without it. The "dark Odyssey" of Gilbert Stroud apparently illumines certain aspects of the not altogether neglected topic of sex; but the illumination seems to this reviewer fitful and sometimes deceptive. That a child could be conditioned, as the behaviorists say, against all women by the cruelty of a nervous stepmother is plausible enough; and also that this antipathy which makes of him a psychic homosexual might be combined with a continual physical need of women. But Gilbert's sudden ambition to possess the most perfect woman in the world, which guided and eventually wrecked his life, does not convince. The hero of the story, accordingly, is not only cruel and disagreeable, but at times almost imbecilic; and while one feels that he got what he deserved in eventually marrying a woman as disagreeable as himself, it does not much matter.

Yet Miss Mannin, who often writes far too much and to too little point, has decorated her tale with one piece of vivid, direct, and brilliant narrative—the account of Gilbert's courtship (our ancestors would have called it seduction) of Mary Thane, the one sane and likable character in the book. A writer capable of such work as this might be better employed than in probing, none too profoundly, the abysses of sadism and inversion.

THE CHRONICLES OF A GIGOLO. By JULIAN SWIFT. Liveright. 1929. $2.

The gigolo is almost a mythological species to most of us. We suspect him of homosexuality; we somewhat vaguely dismiss him as a social outcast, a kind of male prostitute. Julian Swift's novel comes as a welcome explanation and illumination, and we see the gigolo as an honest young fellow, no more perverted than the average man, who is condemned to an anomalous life by a vicious combination of circumstances and temperament. Mr. Swift does not say that some gigolos are not hard-boiled rascals, nor that some are not sexually unbalanced. He merely tells us about one gigolo, who, a success at his trade, retained a human sweetness, and an only slightly diminished masculinity. Told in the first person, the narrative takes us from Julian's desperate struggle in adolescence through to his death in his early twenties. All the paraphernalia of gigolo ethics, methods, and ideas are set forth with an absolute convincingness.

An appealing ingenuousness pervades the novel, the first two-thirds of which brings to us a wistful, lovable character. Some of the passing observations and meditative asides are delightfully apposite and always freshly phrased. It is the sort of writing that demands appreciative comments on the margins of the pages as we go along. Especially pleasing is the account of Julian's holiday on the Riviera with Babs; these pages are an interlude in the gigolo atmosphere, and are good enough to be a credit to any novelist. The entertainment value of the book as a whole is high, though the interest lags noticeably towards the close, where Mr. Swift writes as if he were as tired as his character, Julian. A sympathetic and open-minded reader will find the novel very much worth while. Certainly it is an absorbing sociological footnote to the history of our times.

THE POISON PLAGUE. By WILL LEVINREW. McBride. 1929. $2.

A new-fangled method of wholesale murder is skilfully developed in this otherwise mediocre, and too talkative, mystery novel. The scene is a large American city, where there rapidly occur over a score of inexplicable deaths from poisons which leave traces within their victims, but no clue to the motive or manner of administration. As the toll of tragedies increases, unchecked by the helpless police, the whole city lives in terror of the unknown monster committing these crimes unsuspected in its midst. Finally, a famous old scientist is called on to help, and when he is temporarily laid out by the poisoner, his young assistant takes hold in masterly style and solves the mystery. It is permissible to state that the murderer is an unbalanced dentist and that the unfortunates he slays are his patients, whom he dispatches by secreting in their molar cavities tiny capsules which, when dissolved, discharge their fatal venom through their system. For common safety's sake the book should be restricted from indiscriminate sale to members of the dental profession.

FRECKLES COMES HOME. By JEANNETTE STRATTON-PORTER. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

The millions who loved the late Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's "Freckles," should rejoice that a sequel, wherein the orphaned boy has now grown to stalwart young manhood, has been written by her daughter and in such fashion as should meet with the unanimous approval of the elder lady's admirers. These latter will recall that at twenty Freckles was taken from his friends in the Limberlost country by his noble uncle, Lord O'More, to the ancestral family seat in Ireland. In Erin, four years on we now find him, Lord Terence O'More no less, transformed against his will into an educated gentleman of leisure, worshiped by the family retainers, and granted every wish save his ambition to earn a living, and pining for those he had cared for in the long ago. Nor have the Swamp Angel, the Bird Woman, Boss McLean forgotten the adored exile, and it is through their united efforts that he is enabled to return happily to them. The narrative unfolds simultaneously in Ireland and America, alternate chapters showing the life of the discontented Freckles abroad and of his dear ones across the sea.

(*Continued on page 307*)

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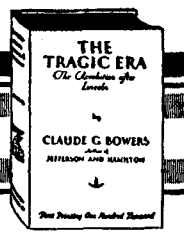

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Francis and Grigory

(*Continued from page* 291)

him, if I had cut off the feet of a hundred pigs as I did of one, in very sooth, methinks God would have said, Well done . . .' Upon which St. Francis rebuked him severely. 'Oh Brother Juniper,' he cried 'why hast thou given us so great a scandal? Not without reason does this man complain.' And he ordered the erring Brother to go and apologize to the pig-master. Brother Juniper was amazed that anyone should be angry at so charitable a deed; for it seemed to him that these temporal things were naught, save in so far as men in their charity shared them with their neighbours. 'Why should he be so disquieted, seeing that this pig, whose foot I cut off, is rather God's than his?' None the less, he did as he was told, sought out the pig-master and explained the matter 'with such charity and simplicity and humility, that this man, coming to himself again, threw himself on the ground, not without many tears; and, acknowledging the wrong he had done and said unto the brothers, went, and caught the pig, and killed it, and, having cooked it, brought it with great devotion and much weeping to St. Mary of the Angels and gave it to the Brothers to eat, for pity of the wrong he had done them. And St. Francis, pondering on the simplicity and patience of the said holy Brother Juniper in the hour of trial, said to his companions and the others standing round: 'Would to God, my brothers, that I had a whole forest of such Junipers!'"

So ends the edifying story. It remains for us to draw our conclusions from it. They will not, I am afraid, be very favorable to St. Francis. Brother Juniper, of course, could not have been expected to know any better. All the anecdotes about this personage paint him as a half-savage zany entirely possessed, since his conversion, by a single idea—the idea of Franciscan Christianity. He was too much of an imbecile to see that there could be anything in the bloody mutilation of a defenceless animal incompatible with the purest charity. To this clown and the doubtless equally clownish Brother, whose longing for pig's trotters was the *fons et origo* of the whole incident, the maiming of the pig was not merely a commendable act of charity; it was also exquisitely humorous. Juniper told the story "with great glee, for to glad the sick man's heart." And doubtless any half-witted rustic of the thirteenth century would have whooped and roared with laughter at the spectacle of a pig with only three feet trailing a bleeding stump with squeals and groans among the trees. But what of Francis? What of the man whom his modern biographers have slobbered over with a maudlin, vegetarian sentimentality as the first animal-lover, the prophet of nature worship and humanitarianism? We find him rebuking the over-zealous Juniper—but not for hacking tit-bits off the living swine; only for making a scandal, for getting the monks into trouble with the public. Of the pig and its bleeding stump of leg and its squealing in the wood he does not think at all. It never even occurs to him to tell his imbecile disciple that maiming pigs and leaving them to bleed is not a perfectly charitable act.

The truth is that Francis was never in any living, sympathetic contact with nature. He was too busily engaged in using his will power—on other people, in making them good; on himself, in being ascetic and practising Christian humility—to be able to submit himself to the non-human influences from without and so participate in the alien life of things. In the sphere of pagan nature worship Francis's wilful humility was a stiff-necked pride. He never really liked an animal because he was never prepared to put himself for a moment in the animal's place. Indeed, the story of Brother Juniper's pig shows clearly that Francis was quite unconscious that there was a place to put himself into. The more famous, because more agreeable, story of his sermon to the birds forces on us the same conclusion. Reading it attentively, we perceive that he never really cared two pins for the birds as birds—as creatures, that is to say, entirely different from himself, leading an alien and refreshingly non-human life, about which, however, the human being can discover something by patient sympathy and humility. So far as we are concerned the "whole" point of animals is that, in Whitman's words:

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
No-one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

Francis failed to realize this because, lacking the necessary humility, refusing to submit himself to things, he could never establish a sympathetic relationship with creatures whose mode of being was other than his own. He talked to the birds, as though they were respectable and industrious Christians with tender consciences and a well-developed theology and a strong sense of their duty to God—to Francis's God, of course, and not the feathered deity of the farm-yard and the copse.

Mr. Chesterton discovers evidence of St. Francis's exquisite feeling for nature in his apt attributions of sex—as of femininity to Sister Moon and maleness to Brother Sun, and so on. More philologically minded writers, however, have found in these attributions nothing more than a tribute to Latin and Italian grammar. *Luna* is grammatically of the feminine gender; what more obvious than to call the moon "sister"? But let us admit for the sake of argument that the Saint had more than merely grammatical intentions in calling things by masculine and feminine names. The case against grammar is strongest in regard to the birds. These he addresses as his sisters, in spite of the fact that *uccello* is masculine—though it should be remembered that *avis*, in a possibly earlier Latin version of the "Fioretti," is a feminine word. "My little sisters, the birds." Mr. Chesterton would doubtless applaud. But the drake and the cock-bullfinch, that little swafferer, the sparrow, the gaudy pheasant, and the arrogantly strutting cock—how they would protest against the insult! "Call us your little sisters? You might as well say: My little sisters, the officers of the Grenadier Guards."

A man misses something by not establishing a participative and living relationship with the non-human world of animals and plants, landscapes and stars and seasons. By failing to be, vicariously, the not-self, he fails to be completely himself. There can be no complete integration of the soul without humility towards things as well as a will to subdue them. Those who lack that humility are bad artists in life.

They are also bad artists in art. For the creative arts, no less than the art of life, demand of their practitioners an alternative of contradictory activities—a subjugation of things to self and also of the self to things. The artists whose attitude to things is too passively humble are only half-creators. There is still an element of chaos in what they do; the lumpy material in which they work still clings distortingly to the form they are trying to extract from it. They are either the slaves of appearances (like the feebler impressionists); or else, slaves of passion and feeling, they protest too much (as the feebler Elizabethans and romantics too much protested) and so fail utterly, in spite or because of their hysterical emotionalism, to create a moving work. For, by an apparent paradox, artists who abandon themselves too unreservedly to passion are unable to create passion—only its parody, or at the best a wild, grotesque extravagance. The history of literature shows that the extreme romantic style is suitable only for Gargantuan comedy, not tragedy; for the delineation of enormous absurdity, not enormous passion.

The attempt artistically to present life in the raw, so to speak, results almost invariably in the production of something lifeless. Things must to some extent be subdued to the generalizing, abstracting, rationalizing intellect; otherwise the work of art, of which these things are the material, will lack substantiality and even, however faithfully direct impressions may be recorded, life. Examples of the lifelessness of works whose closeness to actuality might have been expected to give them vitality, may be found in abundance. In their anxiety to catch the actual luminous appearance of things, the impressionists allowed all substantiality to evaporate from their creations; the world in their pictures lost its body and died. Or take the case of the Goncourts in literature; it is when they transcribe most faithfully from their only too well filled note-books, that their novels become most lifeless. As a contemporary example we may cite the work of Miss Dorothy Richardson. Her microscopic fidelity to the psychological facts defeats its own ends. Reduced to the elementary and atomic condition, her personages fade out of existence as integrated human beings. A similar fate has attended the creation of the Surréalistes. They have presented us, not with the finished product of creative thought, but with the dreamlike incoherences which creative thought uses as

(*Continued on page* 302)

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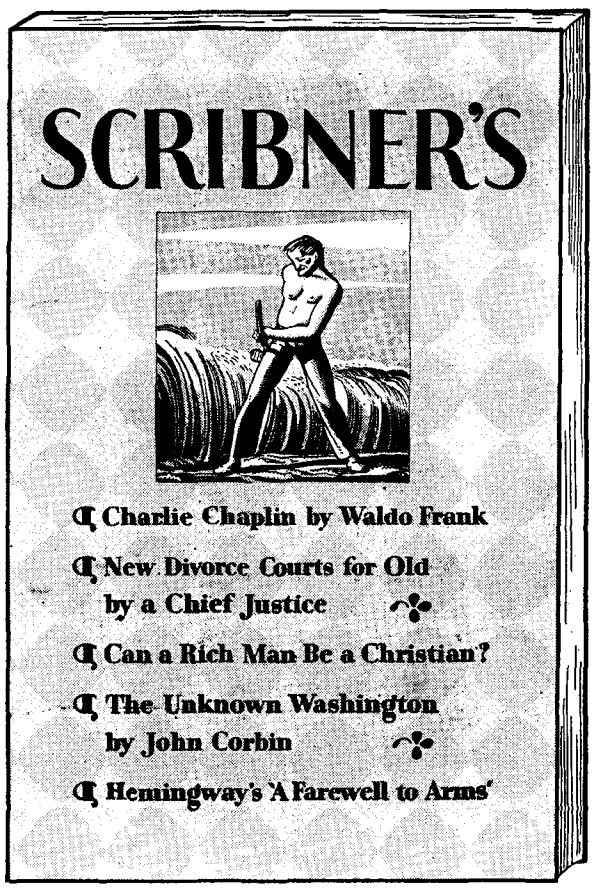
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— PUTNAM'S —

Francis and Grigory

(*Continued from page* 301)

its raw material. It is the statue that lives, not the stone.

But if too much humility towards "things" is fatal to art, so, too, is too much arrogance. To protest too little in the name of some moral or esthetic stoicism, too little is as bad as to protest too much. The art of those slaves of appearances who lack the force or the will to organize the chaos of immediate experience is always imperfect; but not more so than the art of those who aspire to organize it too much, of those who are not content till they have substituted for nature's infinite variety, nature's quickness and vividness and softness, nature's sliding lines and subtly curving or arbitrarily broken surfaces, the metallic and rigorous simplicity of a few abstract geometrical forms. Whole epochs of literary and artistic history have been afflicted by the geometrizing mania. The French *Grand Siècle*, for example—an age, it is true, that produced genuinely grand works (for, after all, if a man has a sufficiency of force and talent, he can create fine things out of the most unpromising materials and in the teeth of almost any resistance), but which might have produced yet grander ones if its esthetic theory had not been so insistently haunted by the shade of Euclid. Geometry is doubtless an excellent thing; but a well composed landscape with figures is still better. At the present time literature is perhaps insufficiently geometrical. It protests too much; it abandons itself too passively to appearances; it is excessively interested in the raw material of thought and imagination, and not enough in the working up of that material into perfected forms. With contemporary painting, however, the case is different. Reacting against impressionism on the one hand and a conventionally realistic literariness on the other, the most self-consciously talented of modern painters deliberately transformed their art into a branch of geometry. The possibilities of cubism in its strictest form were, however, soon exhausted. There has been a general return to representation—but to a representation still much too arrogantly geometrical in its studied omissions and distortions. Art is still insufficiently humble before its subject matter. Painters insist on subjecting the outer world too completely to their abstracting and geometrizing intellects. A kind of esthetic asceticism prevents them from enjoying wholeheartedly and without afterthought the loveliness so profusely offered by the world about them. It is on principle that they subdue their feeling for nature, as a stoic or a monk subdues his passions. Tyrannically, they impose their will on things; they substitute arbitrary forms of their own fabrication for the almost invariably much subtler and lovelier forms with which their direct experience presents them. The result, it seems to me, has been an impoverishment, a deadening of the art. There are welcome signs that the painters themselves are coming to the same conclusion. At any rate, they seem to be repenting a little of their asceticism; they seem to be abating a little of their geometrician's arrogance; they are cultivating a certain humility towards things. Old Renoir summed up the truth about painting in one oracular sentence: *"Un peintre, voyez-vous, qui a le sentiment des fesses et du téton, c'se un homme sauvé."* Saved—but by Grigory's "salvation through sin," by a subjugation of the self to things, by a total humility before that divine and mysterious Nature, of which breasts and buttocks are but a part—though doubtless, from our all too human point of view, a peculiarly important part. For this *"sentiment des fesses et du téton"* is simply a special case of the sentiment of nature, and the embrace of consummated love is the communion of the self with the not-self, the Wordsworthian participation with unknown modes of being, in its most intense and completest form.

The artist, then, like the man, is saved through sin. But he is also saved through sinlessness—saved by the subjugation of things to self no less than by that of the self to things. Francis and Grigory are both right and both wrong. Each separately leads astray; but together and in their mutual contradiction, they are the best of guides.

In commemoration of the eightieth anniversary of the death of Edgar Allen Poe, the Yale University Library has placed on exhibition its collection of Poe first editions. The items were gathered for the most part by the late Owen F. Aldis, Yale 1874, who gave his collection of American first editions to the Yale Library in 1911. Besides the various volumes of Poe's works the present exhibition includes his contributions to various periodicals.

Differing with Dimnet

(*Continued from page* 296)

rich people have fewer cares than poor ones, but he says further that "they are driven by their fellow men and women, drudges to organized nothingness and slaves to amusements." I can realize that there are no doubt a number of silly asses of inherited wealth who may fall under this category and whose chief activity is in making fools of themselves, but I don't know any of this kind. The wealthy people I have known in real life are anything but drudges to organized nothingness or slaves to amusements; they are highly active in all sorts of interesting and commendatory things. The only drudges to organized nothingness that I have ever come across have been the poor, inefficient, and lazy do-nothings, the kind that hang around street corners or any other place where they may consistently loaf without being told by the cop to get out and move on; who are always complaining about their "hard luck" and how they are put upon by the exploiters of the poor. Time for thought, for reading, for travel, for the pleasurable indulgence of the mind in the broad activities of life can only be acquired through the possession and use of wealth. An impoverished community does not have much opportunity for the development of culture, for the expansion and improvement of the intellect, for the lifting up of the individual and the race from the gutter into the beauties and refinements of a higher civilization. The poor man can dream, and it has to stop at that; but the rich man can make his dreams come true. Dimnet seems to pity the rich man because "it is surprising to notice how little they know about human nature," and by this means they controlled and utilized and commanded other people. Hardly any man can acquire great wealth through his own unaided efforts; it is only by successfully organizing and utilizing the minds and the labor of others that a man becomes rich. His success is measured by his ability to understand other people; his whole structure is usually based on his accurate knowledge of human nature.

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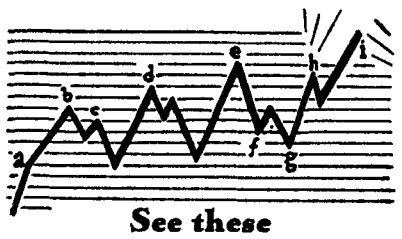

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f. Continued chuckling over *The Perfect Priscilla*, [page 100 et seq.].
g. Sad Specimens of Humanity, [pages 105 to 139].
h. Dangerous shock on encountering WOODROW WILSON in a new guise, [page 140].
i. Hilarious exaltation over HORACE GREELEY and the episode of the crullers, [page 198].
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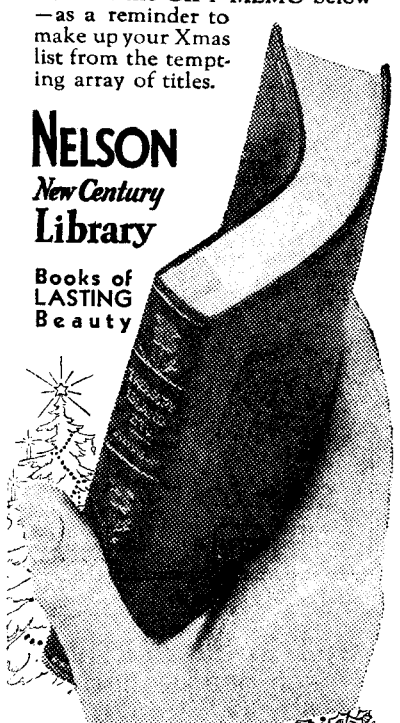

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

B. A. J., Greencastle, Indiana, for her work in a literary club, has chosen "The Land Speaks," based on the fiction of the last decade and the idea that the knowledge and tillage of the soil makes its stamp upon the people. She asks for a list of novels for documentation.

"THE Rational Hind," by Ben Ames Williams (Dutton), is a fine study of old and new methods in farming as they express the characters and aspirations of the members of a family group in Northern New England; this is one of the few farming novels that presents itself to my mind whenever I am asked for fiction describing the self-contained life of a farm. Another is "Heritage," by Rose Feld (Knopf), one of the outstanding works of fiction in this country for some years past; it takes place in New Hampshire. "Red Rust," by Cornelia James Cannon (Little, Brown), is the life-struggle of a devoted Western farmer to produce rust-defying wheat. Some years since, I read "Prairie Fires," by Lorna Doone Beers (Dutton), a story involving the conditions under which the farmer of the Northwest broke into politics, and my admiration for this first novel was so strong (it is one of the few American novels of its year that has defied several shelf-clearances and still holds its place in my American collection), that I am happy to see another by the same author announced for publication, though as yet I have not read it—"A Humble Lear" (Dutton). O. O. Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth" and "Peder Victorious" (Harper) are farming novels for the same part of the map; in "The Jumping-Off Place," by Marion Hurd McNeeley (Longmans, Green), one of the best novels for young people that I have read in a good while, a family of boys and girls take up land and undertake farming in Dakota in the days when land could be thus acquired. Johen Bojer's "The Emigrants" (Century) must not be left out of this reckoning; it has a remarkable study of the effect of changed environment upon national characteristics. Dorothy Canfield's Vermont novels, especially "The Brimming Cup" (Harcourt, Brace) and the short stories "Raw Material" (Harcourt, Brace) and "Hillsboro People" (Holt), have the true spirit of the soil; I see that there is a new edition of another famous Vermont story, Mary Waller's "The Woodcarver of 'Lympus" (Little, Brown), with wood-cuts; this simple tale is as true in atmosphere as it is in scenery.

Of this year's novels, Bess Streeter Aldrich's "A Lantern in Her Hand" (Appleton) must be starred for this purpose; it covers more than one generation and has the true spirit of the pioneer. "Daughter of Earth," by Agnes Smedley (Coward-McCann), is the story of a woman's life on farms from Missouri through the Southwest. Howard Snyder's earlier novel, "Dirt Roads" (Century), was about as unpleasant a picture of country life in the Middle West as we have had since the Haldemann-Julius "Dust" (Brentano); his novel of this season, "Earth Born" (Century), gives us a vivid and crowded presentation of a farming community in which the employers as well as the hands are negroes; religion plays an important part in the story, but the action keeps close to the soil. "The Eternal Forest," by George Godwin (Dodd, Mead), shows life in a Canadian frontier settlement.

Within the last decade we have had the admirable farm-novel of Virginia, Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" (Doubleday, Doran); G. D. Eaton's "Backfurrow" (Putnam); "The Lantern on the Plow," by George Agnew Chamberlain (Harper), about a New Jersey farm; and "Winged Seeds," by Bertha Oppenheim (Macmillan), the story of a farm told by a doctor's wife, and among the Canadian entries, Laura Davidson's beautiful "Isles of Eden" (Minton, Balch), a book with something the same charm as "Marie Chapdelaine," difficult to classify, as fiction evidently mingles with personal experience, and a book passed on from reader to reader followed by a trail of gratitude.

We have at least the nucleus of a collection of essays and letters of farming experience, those written by women being especially good; of these I like best Anne Bosworth Greene's "A Lone Winter" (Century), "Dipper Hill" (Century), and "Lambs in March" (Century). These all concern a farm in the neighborhood of Woodstock, Vermont, viewed at various times in the year, and a more detailed, truthful, and lovely record one could not ask. I can scarce bring myself to set it down that the bright and beautiful presence of the daughter, "Babs," the dear companion of "Dipper Hill," the distant inspiration of "A Lone Winter," is no longer on this earth. Lorna Greene, at the threshold of what gave every evidence of a notable career as a writer, was killed in an automobile accident in the very country where these books take place. "Morning Moods" (Century), a volume of her poems with the story of her brief life, has lately been edited by her mother and closes the record of the happy years set down in the earlier volumes. "A Homesteader's Portfolio," by Alice Day Pratt (Macmillan), is personal experiences on the high plateau of central Oregon; it is not so well-known as the "Letters of a Woman Homesteader" of Eleanor Pruitt Stewart (Houghton Mifflin), a Wyoming record that bids fair to become an American classic. "Where Green Lanes End," by Helen Swift (Viking), is nature essay, and sketches in Michigan, near Chicago, and near New York.

If this study is to include English fiction, there is no end of material; for instance, H. W. Freeman's "Joseph and His Brethren" (Holt); "The Village Doctor," by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton), and Eden Phillpott's "Tryphena" (Macmillan), to go no further back than the present season for studies of life close to the soil.

A CORRESPONDENT tells I. G. C., Salem, Mass., that there is a new title in the Wayfarer Series, "A Wayfarer in the West Indies" (Houghton Mifflin), which will be worth adding to his collection of travel books for this section.

The firm of Fasquelle, identified with the novelist throughout his life-time, has issued a number of Zola's unpublished short stories. The first and longest, from which the book takes the title of "Madame Sourdis" (12 francs), is a study of a painter whose genius is invaded by the mediocre but ambitious talent of his painter-wife.

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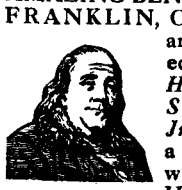

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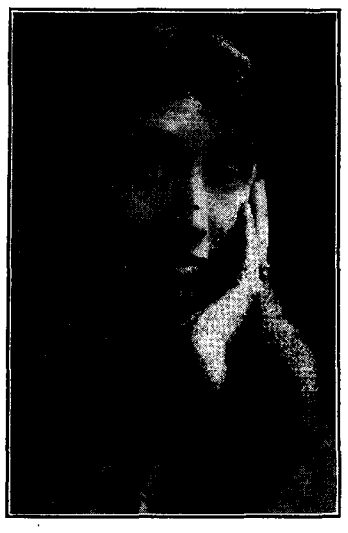

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Some Recent Cyclopedias

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by ALLEN JOHNSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929.
ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. 1929.
ENCICLOPEDIA ITALIANA DI SCIENCE, LETTERE ED ARTE. Milan and Rome: Istituto Giovanni Treccani. 1929.

THE printing of a great work of reference involves more technical typographic skill than almost any other kind of book work if a really distinguished result is to be obtained. The amount of matter necessary to the page, the scant margins, the great bulk of the volumes, the matter of illustrations, the paper, and the printing all have to be worked out with care. Two of the purely esthetic questions involved in the printing of fine books with the exception of the type face, enter into such work. Hence it is interesting to see how the various factors have been handled in some recent instances, and how nearly the printers have come to achieving success in this difficult field.

An examination of the three works listed above reveals on the whole a disappointing lack of that authoritative finality which one hopes for. With due appreciation of the factors which had to be considered, one must conclude that modern printers are not quite up to the task set for them. This may be due to several reasons, one of which, probably, is that such a job as a many-volumed cyclopedia cannot easily be handled by any but the largest printing offices. A recent circular from the Lakeside Press, speaking of its work on the new Britannica, makes clear the quantitative side of the problem. In the twenty months from January, 1928, to September, 1929, the Lakeside Press had to issue twenty-four volumes each of more than 1,000 pages, containing 7,000 text cuts, 1,400 black-and-white full-page plates, 136 full-page, full-color, plates. The text contained some 33,000,000 words, 250 tons of type, 102 carloads of paper, 20,000 goat skins for the leather binding. Over 20,000 pages were in type before any were electrotyped. These are gigantic figures, and only a very large printing office could hope to undertake such a piece of work. Now under manufacturing conditions involving such huge units, "art" flies out the window. Emphasis is placed on manufacture, and those delicacies and refinements which distinguish fine work are lost in the process of getting the machinery to function smoothly. That this needs to be so I do not believe. If a little more imagination, a keener sense of responsibility were manifested by the publishers and the printers, I think sound sense could be allied with beauty of format.

The first work under consideration is the extremely important Dictionary of American Biography. Here is a great national enterprise, destined to be a standard reference book for generations. The plan, the final arrangements, the editorial supervision (under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies) are all carefully thought out. The plan involves perhaps the most important publishing venture of years. There was a chance to make the typography of the volumes a monument, equally with the scholarly contributions, to American skill and ability. That the volumes fall short of this ideal is, in its way, tragic. The double-column pages are set on the paper without properly disposed margins—the top and bottom ones are too large for the side margins. The text type, while readable enough to pass the tests of the psychological experts on type, is not distinguished—being a none-too-good "old style." Although there is plenty of space between the lines, the shortened forms of the descending letters have been stupidly retained. The page looks, indeed, as if it might have been printed at any time within the past sixty years, and, by implication, denies that we have progressed in our knowledge of type within that time. The paper, while satisfactory in most ways, is too heavy for the size of the books. These may seem like quibbling comments, yet I should like to see such a really monumental work printed with *all* the current resources of American typography. The books are readable and sufficiently easy to handle, but they are dull and insipid typographically.

The Encyclopædia Britannica is a somewhat different problem, for in addition to the double-column text, there are many illustrations in both line and half-tone. Here again the old style type face has been selected, and again, even where there is plenty of room between the lines, the out-dated, stumpy descending letters mar the possible comeliness of the composition. The paper is quite satisfactory—the best of the three books under consideration. Of the presswork, one is not able to speak so highly. The impression, while even and smooth, is too light—there is either not enough color or not enough impression, and numerous "friars" (white places where the ink or the impression is not solid) mar the effect. The illustrations are a disappointment—and I do not forget the factor of speed involved. It may be out of the question to provide wood blocks for the line cuts, but with all the care exercised by the engraver and printer, the photo-zincs do not come out as sharp as one could wish. And the half-tones seem to be too pale. Again I am captious, perhaps, but I am here dealing with the great encyclopædia of the English-speaking world, and I would like to see it perfect.

The Enciclopedia Italiana offers an opportunity to compare current Italian concepts of a work of reference with American. In size it is the larger of the two encyclopædias, but it is in general built along the same lines. The text is set in a more pleasing face than any I have mentioned, a face more akin to Baskerville, but still hobbled by the absurd stunted g's, p's, and q's. The paper is much less satisfactory than that in the Britannica, though with a smoother surface. Unless I am mistaken, the presswork has been done by some lithographic process, and the full, rich, black color is very fine. The half-tone pictures are really very good indeed. I should suppose that their merit is due to a fortunate (though by no means rare, in Europe) combination of adequately prepared "copy," a richer ink than we use in America, and a paper which, while less pleasant to handle, gives greater scope to the presswork. However they are printed, the depth of color, the illustrative qualities, are really superb. And the color plates are equally well done. It seems to me that so far as illustrations go, this new Italian work strikes a very high note.

If there is any "lesson" to be learned from this rather minute examination of these three reference books, it may be that it merely necessitates the reiteration of the truism that "the machine can do anything—except produce a work of art." Of course, in modern practice, a "work of art" is not expected in a cyclopædia: yet there is no reason why a cyclopædia cannot be graceful and comely—even brilliant—in typography. To produce such a result it will be necessary to place the design of the page in the hands of a competent typographer, releasing the manufacturing staff for its proper function as pro-

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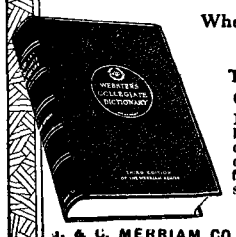

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ducers. There are a dozen men in America who could design a fine cyclopædia; they apparently haven't been asked to do so yet. I hope some day to see a cyclopædia page adequate to its importance.

R.

THE first sale of the season at the combined American Art Association Anderson Galleries took place the afternoons of the sixteenth and seventeenth of October. First editions of English and American authors from the library of Mr. Clyde C. Rickes of Indianapolis, together with similar books from various private libraries, were offered. There was nothing of especial interest, except possibly the Bernard Shaw pamphlets—the "Fabian Election Manifesto," London, 1892; "A Plan of Campaign for Labor," London, 1894; "This then is the Preachment on Going to Church," East Aurora, 1896, the original appearance in this country of this monograph; "Fabianism and the Empire," London, 1900; "The Reminiscences of a Quinquagenarian," London, 1911—and the lots spoken of in the catalogue as "Collections of Works" without listing all the titles included. Kipling, Longfellow, James Whitcomb Riley, and Whittier were all present, and undoubtedly delighted their admirers by so immediate a reappearance in the aution-room.

A portion of the library of Albert M. Todd, Kalamazoo, Michigan, will be sold by his order the afternoons of October 22, 23, and 24. This includes incunabula; many fine specimens of Persian, Arabic, and Latin manuscripts; early editions of famous Greek and Latin classics; colored plate books; books from private presses; copies of Gould's ornithological works; Kingsborough's "Antiquities of Mexico," and other works of equal interest.

The library of Mrs. Carlisle Norwood of New York City will be sold about October 29, with additions from other private libraries. Mrs. Norwood's books include library sets of standard authors; private press books, the supply of which seems inexhaustible; books on art, etching, engraving, and printing.

Currier and Ives prints, including a composite affair giving the spectator a view of the face of Lincoln, Sherman, or Grant, according to the angle at which the picture is approached, are to be sold the evenings of November 12, 13, and 14. These form the collection made by the late Colonel J. Philip Benkard, of New York City. To these are to be added other items, all Americana, including a painting of "Perry Transferring His Flag to the 'Niagara' "; several New England tavern signs of painted wood; and an old iron weathervane in the form of a locomotive.

G. M. T.

Catalogue number 29 of Edgar H. Wells & Company, New York, presents the first part (A-G) of a collection of books, principally first editions, of English and American authors with other works of miscellaneous interest. The catalogue itself is entirely up to the standard of excellence and interest so consistently maintained by this firm, while the bibliographical notes and descriptions can invariably be taken as models of the best manner of such composition. The books are of far more than average interest.

Mr. George Dudley Seymour's "William F. Hopson and His Bookplates" has been brought out in an edition of one hundred copies by Carlyle S. Baer, of the American Society of Bookplate Collectors and Designers. The illustrations consist of a portrait frontispiece, with six bookplates, five from original coppers, and one from the original wood block. The books have been signed by both Mr. Seymour and Mr. Hopson.

P. J. and A. E. Dobell have announced recently that the Autograph and Manuscript departments that have up to the present been carried on in conjunction with their book business, have now been placed under independent management, and are to be conducted hereafter as a separate branch called Radford & Company, with Mr. Percy J. Dobell and Mr. Myles C. Radford as directors. The address remains 8, Bruton Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1; and the first list dated September has just been issued; it contains autograph letters, largely of literary interest, including one of Alexander Pope, two of Horace Walpole, and two of Thomas Carlyle.

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The Inner Sanctum is indebted to *Publishers Weekly* for some illuminating and rather disturbing statistics about the current trends in the noun and adjective trade.

More than five thousand new books are scheduled to be published this fall—*or six times as many as in any other autumn season!*

Such is America's answer to the much-heralded campaign for fewer and better books!

But *The Inner Sanctum* can fearlessly look any pine or spruce forest straight in the eye, for the total contribution of your correspondents to this gigantic total is precisely fourteen books! Whether they are "better" remains to be seen but there can be no question about their being "fewer."

The Publishers Weekly continues its statistical rampage by announcing that the book trade of the United States is now producing more than 200,000,000 bound volumes a year. *The Inner Sanctum* reads slowly, and only by limiting its output rigorously can it find time to read a few *other* publishers' books —this week's budget for the writer of these lines including

The Universe Around Us, by JEANS [*Macmillan*]
Little Essays from the Writings of George Santayana [*Scribner's*]
Beethoven—His Spiritual Development J. W. N. Sullivan [*Knopf*]
Civilization, by CLIVE BELL [*Harcourt*]
The Works of Plato, edited by IRWIN EDMAN [*Simon and Schuster*]

To make the week complete, it's a *Hollywood Girl* at the MCEVOY'S, with resounding whoopee from the reviewers . . . the new edition of *The Psychology of Happiness* is delivered by the harassed printers. . . . ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET arrives from France to find *The Art of Thinking* challenging the best-seller supremacy of "CHIC" SALES . . . BERTRAND RUSSELL and WILL DURANT debate on Modern Education, with JOHN DEWEY as chairman. . . . JOHN COWPER POWYS begins once more to stride great strides across the country . . . and *Believe It Or Not!* continues to sell like a *Cross Word Puzzle Book!*

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James Branch Cabell's latest, "The Way of Ecben," looks rather thin compared to his other novels. It has the usual decorations by *Frank C. Papé*. . . .

Michael Arlen's new book of four stories has interspersed gray pages printed in green, and he was born Dikran Kouyoumdjian—and that's exactly the way we feel today. . . .

William McFee's short stories, gathered together under the title of "Sailors of Fortune," ought to be better than Arlen's, and Doubleday, Doran ought to have given him a better jacket for the book. . . .

There's a good book out on *Defoe*, by *Paul Dottin*, translated from the French by *Louise Ragan*, and published by the Macaulay Company. What particularly attracted us to it was that there was a chapter therein entitled "The Phoenix." Also, nowadays we are apt to get Cabell and Michael Arlen all mixed up, but we never confuse Defoe with anyone else. . . .

Thomas R. Coward comes out with a signed statement that in all the years he has been in the publishing business he has never recommended for publication a novel of greater distinction than *Manuel Komroff's* "Coronet." Which makes us think there must be something in that book. . . .

The first issue of *Current Reading* will appear the latter part of this month. A capable board of editors will skim the cream of the leading American magazines and send members a hundred-page volume monthly. Each article will be presented in condensed form. The address of the Current Reading Guild is 67 West 44th Street. . . .

Palms has come to New York, the small magazine devoted to poetry and formerly published by *Idella Purnell* at Guadalajara, Mexico. Miss Purnell, now that we have met her, turns out to be one of the most charming editors of any poetry magazine we have ever met. (No, we're too lazy to rearrange that sentence!) Her little periodical has emerged from vicissitudes and several changes of address, to settle down at 12 East 10th Street. It is beginning a fine new career and is eminently worth subscribing to. Its contributors include *Joseph Auslander, Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Olive Tilford Dargan, Witter Bynner, Hildegarde Flanner*, and *Constance Lindsay Skinner*. Send in your dollar and a half for six issues! . . .

We went to lunch at the Astor and to hear *Ramsay MacDonald*. Longmans, Green, by the way, have recently started the English Heritage Series. *J. B. Priestley* on English Humor, *Barnard Darwin* on English Public Affairs, and others are among the contributors. Ramsay MacDonald has written the London house of Longmans, Green as follows concerning this venture:

> England is a very fine subject to be dealt with as you are proposing. Unfortunately it looks as though this generation is the last of those who will know England as I have known it. In my wanderings now I come across spots which thirty years ago were abodes of rural peace, and now I find them sites of considerable towns and the scenes of urban bustle. The changes are inevitable, and we must not overlook the benefits which they bring in their train. Still, memories of what was dwell in sacred corners of our minds, and to make it possible for the younger folks to understand with what good reason we wander back into the past is an obligation imposed upon us, and, if, by fulfilling that obligation, we enable those who live in a different England to appreciate the old one, we shall be doing a service in retaining a devotion to the soul of our country which will make all better men and women.

And here's an item upon a party we unfortunately missed. We wonder if we could have negotiated the table implements!

> One of the most unusual of New York's recent literary parties took the form of a farewell dinner given at the Japanese restaurant, Myako, by *Lucille Douglass*, the artist, in honor of *Florence Ayscough*, who sailed recently to spend the winter in Vienna. Miss Douglass's invitations read: "To meet Mrs. Florence Ayscough and a celebrated Chinese poet," and although the latter did not appear in person he was present in the spirit of Tu Fu, the eighth-century poet, from whose writings Mrs. Ayscough read during the evening. Among the guests, who demonstrated the proper use of chopsticks, were *Alice Tisdale Hobert, Henry Kittredge Norton, Frederick Moore, Louis V. Ledoux, Anne Carrere, Florence Waterbury, Leonard John Robbins, Blair Niles*, and other prominent Orientalists. In addition to her new "Tu Fu: The Autobiography of a Chinese Poet" (Houghton Mifflin Company), Mrs. Ayscough is the author of "A Chinese Mirror" and "The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog," and co-author with *Amy Lowell* of "Fir-Flower Tablets." Both "A Chinese Mirror" and "The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog" are illustrated from etchings by *Miss Douglass*.

Frank A. Manny of Boston writes us asking whether it is not possible for writing men to accomplish a standardization of "Mrs." and "Miss" when used with reference to woman writers. He goes on to say

> *Katherine Brush* is frequently referred to in reviews as "Miss Brush." Now that she has a second husband I suppose that his name will be substituted. *Anne Parrish* is often referred to as "Mrs. Parrish." In last week's *Review* you refer to "Miss Hill." *Caroline Miles* was married many years ago to Dr. Hill, the economist. She took her doctor's degree at Michigan in 1892. When *Lillian Gilbreth* was given an honorary degree at the University of Michigan the *Michigan Alumnus* referred to her as "Miss Gilbreth," although she had borne eleven children in lawful wedlock.

Yes, that is all true, and just the other day we addressed a young woman poet as "Miss," whereupon she informed us that that day was the anniversary of her wedding to her third husband! We fear that nothing much can be done to settle this confusion among the artists. But it is a pretty safe general rule to follow that a writer referred to as "Miss" Soandso in regard to her work is actually "Mrs." Somebody else in private life. . . .

Graham Greene, who wrote that excellent and very successful novel, "The Man Within," avers that publishers' royalties are just the thing for a young man with a roving foot. On his own, he has just sailed from England on a cruise to the Near East, to visit Athens, Troy, Delos, and the ruins of Knossos in Crete. This is rather a change from his school days when lack of funds reduced him to taking along a barrel organ to pay his way when he tramped the English roads. . . .

Martha Keller, formerly with Putnam's, is now publicity manager for J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia. Anent a proofreader's error in our October fifth issue, which she calls to our attention, she recalls the time when she encountered a Harper ad "in which the typographer set the name Harper & Brothels — discovered-in-time-thank-God-since-I-was-the-copy-reader!" . . .

We are glad to hear that our old friend *A. Hugh Fisher*, poet, etcher, traveller, is coming to the United States next month to lecture. In New York the Rembrandt Club has asked him to give them a lantern talk on November 11th on "Travel in India and Southern Europe." In will be a great pleasure for those fortunate enough to hear an artist of so vivid a personality as Mr. Fisher's. He is also, we believe, to speak in Washington. . . .

Jonathan Cape is back here temporarily, on a three week's visit. We saw him at the Forum tea, where we met *Sarah Gertrude Millin* for the first time. There also was the beaming *Will Cuppy*, temporarily unhermited by a New York apartment. . . .

The author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" has said that in his opinion *Leonhard Frank* is the most interesting and significant of the younger German novelists. "His 'Karl and Anna' is certainly one of the loveliest stories that post-war Germany has produced." That may be, but we saw the Theatre Guild production of it the other night, and we must say it didn't impress us. However, the novel may be a lot better than the play. . . .

Harry Salpeter, we see, long literary interviewer for the New York *World*, has produced a book on "Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell." It is being published the end of this month by Coward-McCann. . . .

Well,—*adios!*

THE PHOENICIAN.

Books for the Concert-Goer's Library

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS has long been known in musical circles through its books on music and its association with the Tudor Church Music published by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Standard books of reference include *The Oxford History of Music*, Dr. Ernest Walker's *History of Music in England*, H. C. Colles's *Growth of Music*, the Kitson texts on harmony and counterpoint.

A department for the publication of sheet music was inaugurated in 1923. From the outset its high standard of musical achievement has attracted to the Press the co-operation of the more serious musicians who at this period of revived musical energy in both England and America are numerous and influential.

With recent expansions in the department such authorities as P. C. Buck, W. W. Cobbett, Martin Shaw, W. H. Hadow, Percy Scholes, Charles Sanford Terry, Samuel Langford figure prominently on the list.

THE LIFE OF BACH, by CHARLES SANFORD TERRY. $7.50

"Profoundly human" *Musical News*. "A nearly perfect job of scholarly documented biography; comprehensive, printed royally, and illustrated with a charming series of full-page photographs in the rear. I read it with delight." *Frederick P. Mayer in Virginia Quarterly Review*.

UP TO NOW, by MARTIN SHAW. Isadora Duncan, Walpole, Craig, Vaughan Williams, Clifford Bax, Masefield and many others enter in to this informal autobiography and running commentary upon the forces that are making modern books and music. $2.50

MUSICAL DISCOURSE, by RICHARD ALDRICH. $3.00

A collection of sixteen essays about musicians and musical history originally published in the New York Times. Printed by D. B. Updike at the Merrymount Press. "A delightful volume which is not too technical for the layman and is at the same time valuable for the musician." *Boston Transcript*.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by SIR HENRY HADOW, *Editor*, "*Oxford History of Music.*" $6.00

" . . . an unfailing delight." *New York Herald Tribune*.

THE CONCERT-GOERS' LIBRARY OF DESCRIPTIVE NOTES Volume I and II by ROSA NEWMARCH. $1.50 each

Non-technical notes on over fifty symphonies, overtures, and concertos which are frequently heard either at concerts, on the phonograph, or over the radio. "Rich in knowledge . . . critical acumen." *Music Supervisors Journal*.

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 299*)
(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

MORE THINGS TO DRAW. By E. G. Lutz. Scribners. 1928.

This is a picture book intended for young artists,—how young, the author does not say. But since he labels the picture of a pyramid, "Pyramid," the one of a trunk, "Trunk," etc., one deduces that the book is meant for infants. It is, in fact, an excellent book to teach young children the names of objects.

It also offers an amusing pastime to the unimaginative parent who, when tired of solving cross-word puzzles, may draw "with a lead pencil a lamp, a lantern, and a vase" —these "are symmetrical in form. An object of this kind," as he will see by looking at the pictures in the book, "has one side like the other, only reversed. This is as if it were turned over, the place where it turns shown by a dotted line."

Mr. Lutz's instructions are not difficult to follow. Before he knows it, the student will have produced a drawing of a "Goose," or a "Barn," or a "Monkey," or any of the bric-a-brac reproduced in the book.

It is a simple process, requires no imagination, and calls for no creative ability.

The contents of this little book may be summed up as a naive picture-game, the kind our great-grandmother used to amuse our parents with.

Miscellaneous

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN RAILROADING. By John W. Starr, Jr. Dood, Mead. 1928.

A comprehensive and thorough history of American railways constitutes a tremendous task, for which the ground is yet imperfectly cleared. Mr. Starr has not essayed it, but has contented himself with sketching in some three hundred pages and in a popular style the main outlines of the story. In doing this he has not presented much truly original material. He has told the familiar story of the first railways in England and America; he has traced the construction of the Erie across New York, and the building up of the New York Central out of scattered lines between New York city and Buffalo; he describes some of the pioneer Southern railways—the South Carolina Railroad, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Norfolk & Western; he of course gives us a brief history of the Union Pacific and the other early transcontinental lines; and he does not fail to offer an account of the Pullman cars and the development of our passenger service. Some day soon, it is to be hoped, there will appear a writer who will get a good deal farther below the surface than Mr. Starr or his predecessor, Mr. Slason Thompson. Who, for example, will tell us the true history of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania in their relation to the politics of the two greatest States of the Union? Who will trace in accurate detail the fascinating story of the linking together of the great Southern Railroad? Who will explain just what Gould did for Erie, and just how he captured the Union Pacific? Who will tell the full history of the struggle for and against railway rate regulation, a history which has to be dug piecemeal out of the Cullom Report, the Congressional Record, and the press? Until this is done, Mr. Starr's modest volume will hold a useful place as the best single compendium of the main facts in the growth of our great railway systems.

TORCHLIGHT PARADE. By Sherwin Lawrence Cook. Minton, Balch. 1929. $3.75.

Politics used to be fun—at least, for boys of any age an election contest provided a series of enlivening spectacles, from the bunting-honored visits of the candidates to the lantern showing of returns on a screen opposite the main newspaper office downtown on the evening of voting day. Now the radio has cut down campaigning and gives people the returns at home; the tumult and the shouting are largely typographical; there are no more torchlight parades; no one will walk a mile for a candidate. And Mr. Cook's account of colorful past presidential years depicts times that already seem in retrospect a little quaint and somewhat childlike. Did people actually wear goldbugs, flourish bandanas? The apparent remoteness, almost unreality, of the emotions that so recently excited citizens shows how rapidly the center of actual interest has been shifting to the economic field, with a consequent indifference to politics.

In the last campaign, when intense feelings were undeniably aroused, they were due rather to moral and religious than to any political convictions. In general, campaigns tend to become progressively duller. It is in the liveliness of past campaigns, rather than in the administrations, that Mr. Cook's interest lies. His work, as its title indicates, is not a history of the Presidency but of contests for the presidency; and he deals with the administrations of the successful candidates mainly in so far as their policies affected the issue and the outcome of the following campaigns. So his book is inevitably rather controversial than scientific in character. He expresses quite legimately his own opinions of candidates and party platforms, and if you disagree with him you do so as you might in regard to the opinions of a political correspondent in the course of an actual campaign. His statements of the actualities seems to be usually as accurate as information in so debatable a field can be expected to be—although he does appear to have accepted an earlier interpretation of Lincoln's motives in his debates with Douglas which later evidence tends to disprove. The main point is that Mr. Cook has made a pleasantly reminiscent record of the days when Americans still had enough exuberance to go forth and wave red fire for their favorites, and an illuminating and useful analysis of the questions and popular sentiments that once inspired them to these lost heights of public enthusiasm.

My Gun Dogs. By *Ray P. Holland.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
Peace. By *S. Parkes Cadman.* Dutton. $1.
Memory. By *William Lyon Phelps.* Dutton. $1.
Mother and Son. By *Kathleen Norris.* Dutton. $1.
An Hour with the Movies and Talkies. By *Gilbert Seldes.* Lippincott. $1.
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Love and Marriage. By *Winfield Scott Hall.* Winston. $2.
The Big American Parade. By *E. Haldeman-Julius.* Stratford. $3.
Beethoven's Sketches. By *Paul Mies.* Translated by *Doris L. Mackinnon.* Oxford University Press.

Religion

The Catholic-Protestant Mind. By *Conrad Henry Moehlman.* Harpers. $2.50.
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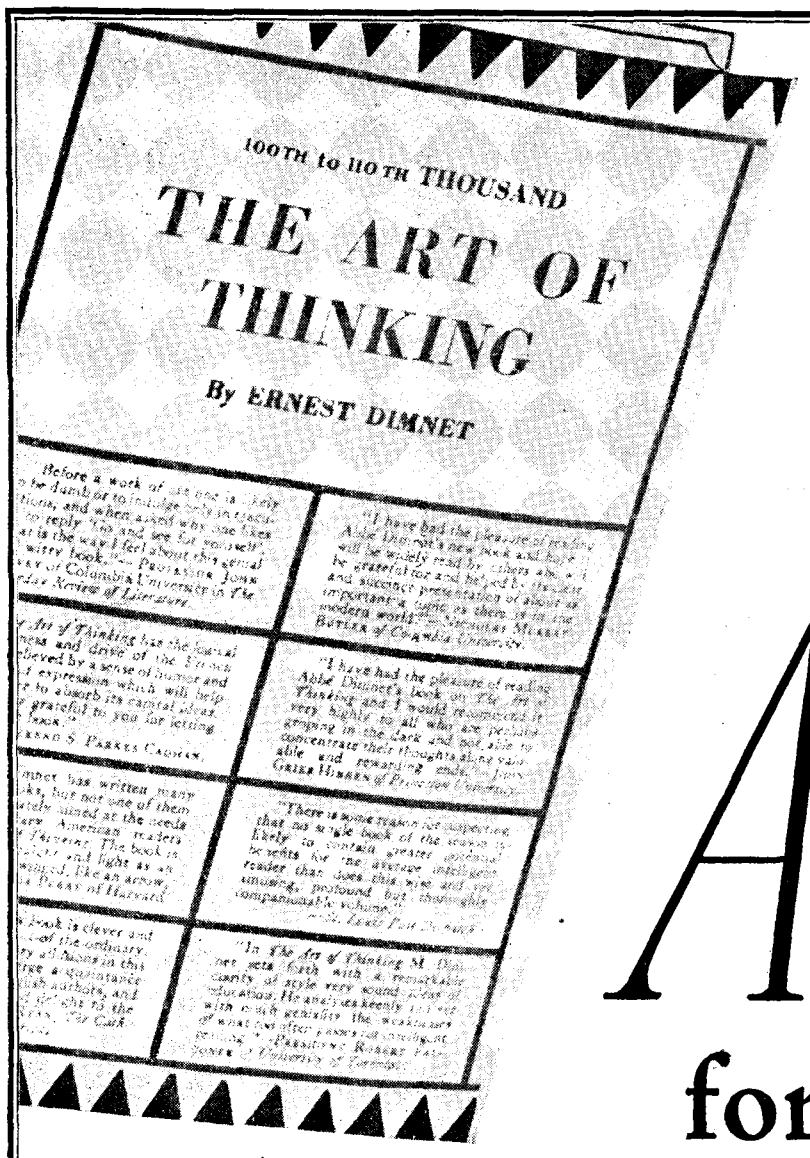

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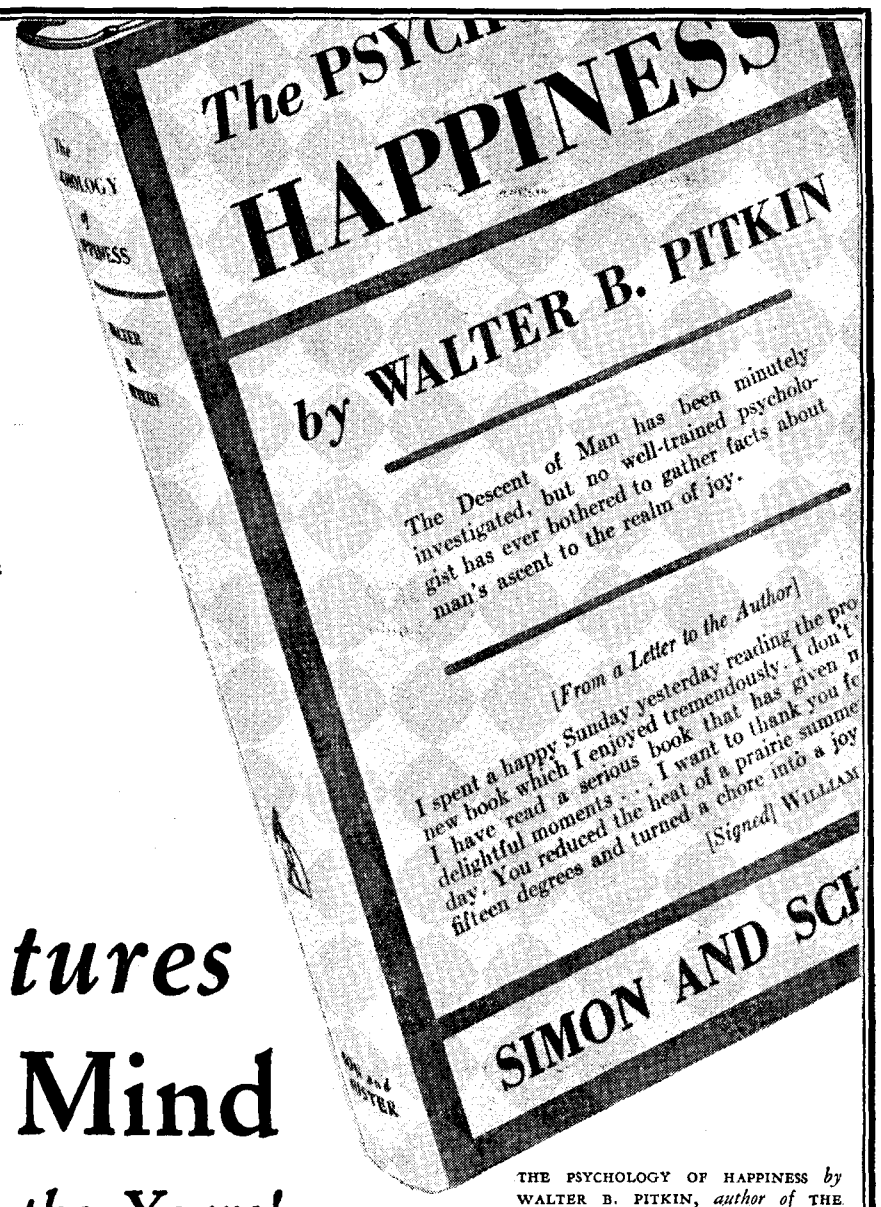
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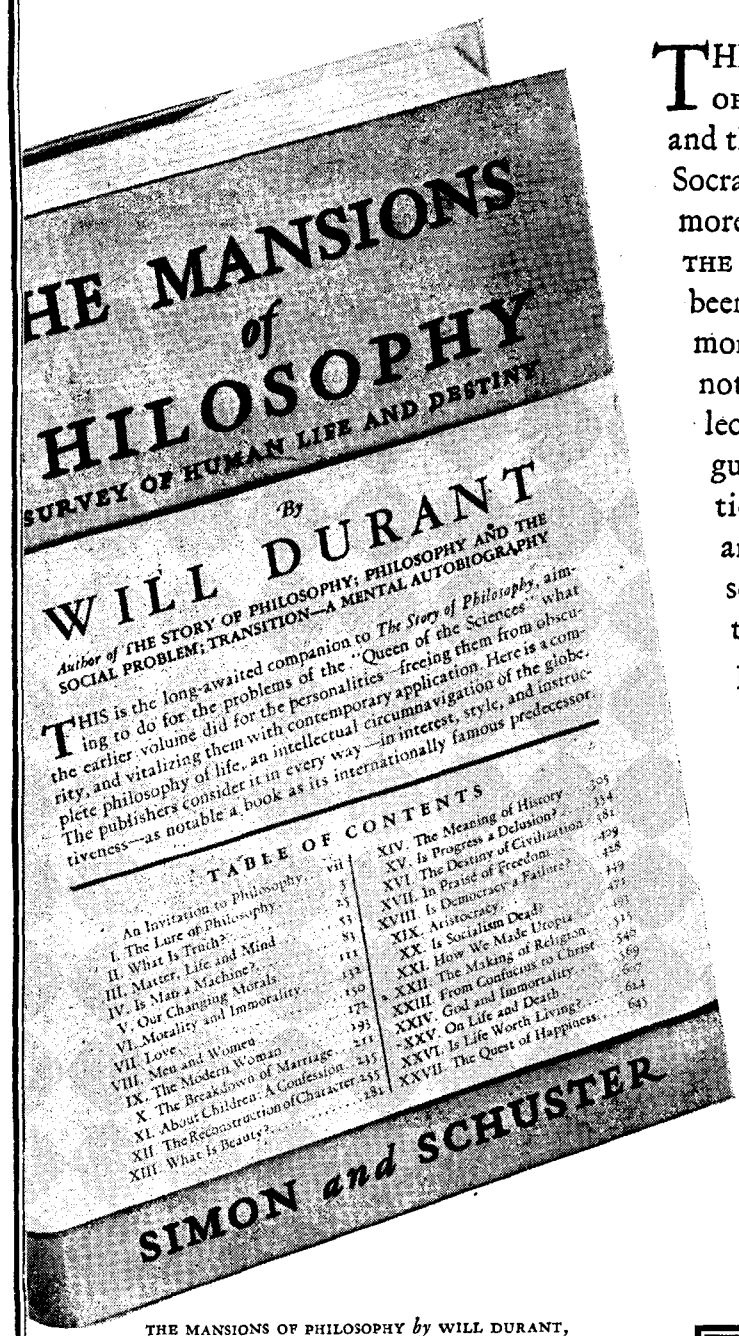
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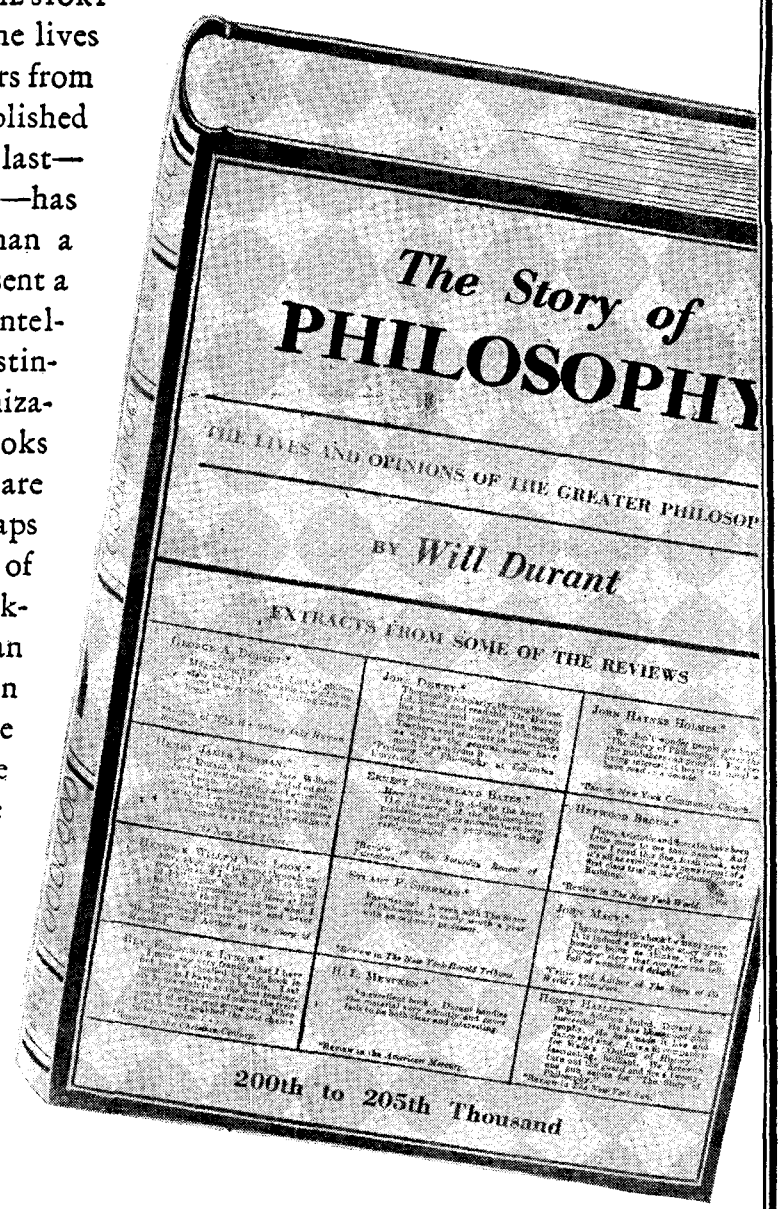
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